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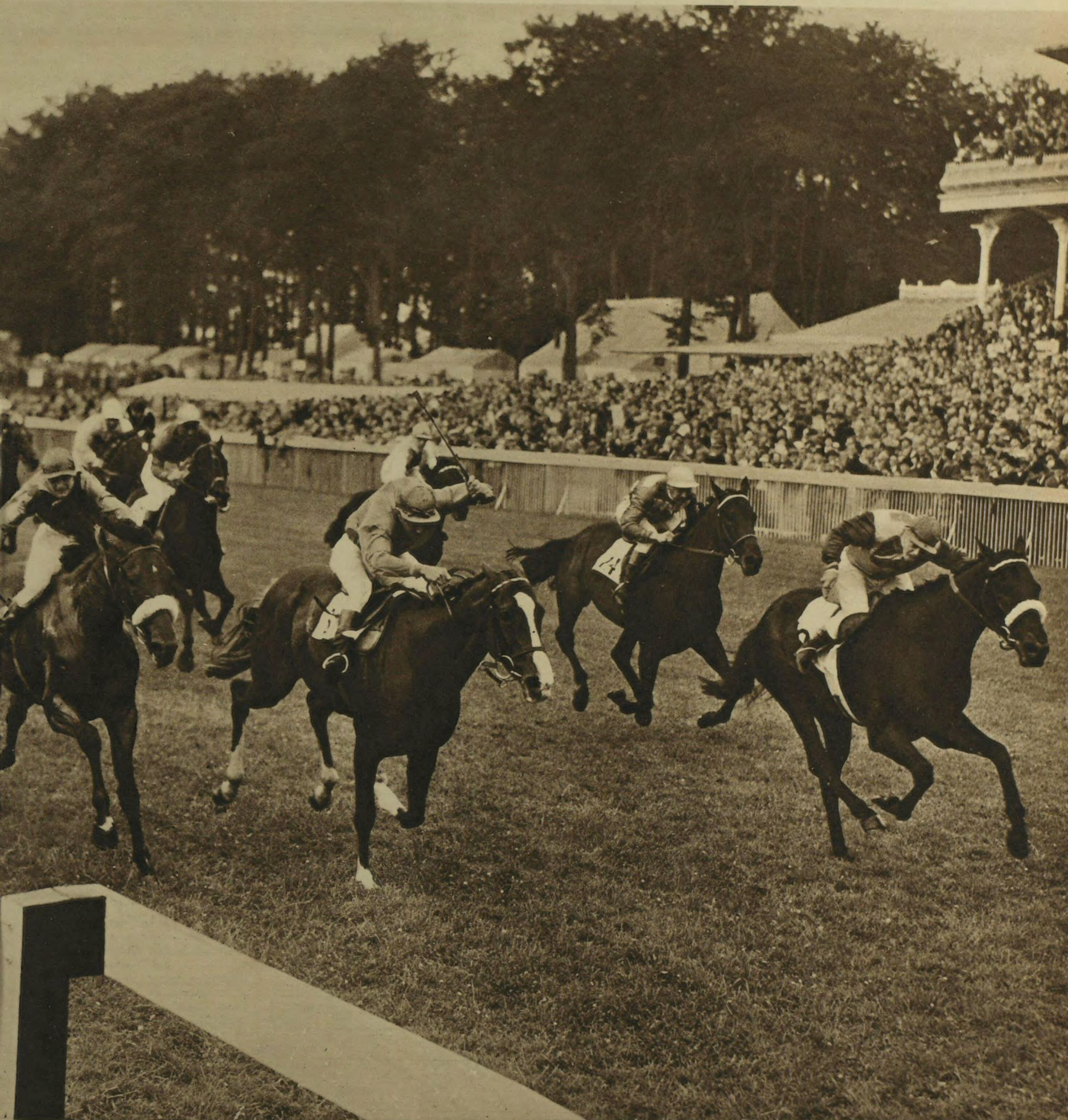
MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS IMPERIAL LEATHER TOILET SOAP



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1951.



THE CLOSE FINISH OF THE STEWARDS' CUP AT GOODWOOD: SUGAR BOWL, WITH W. SNAITH UP (RIGHT), SEEN MAKING HIS WINNING SPURT IN ONE OF THE FINEST ACTION PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ANY RACE-COURSE.

On July 31, the first day of the 150th anniversary meeting at Goodwood, the race for the Stewards' Cup was won in a close finish by Mr. J. Gerber's *Sugar Bowl*, brilliantly ridden by W. Snaith, who caught the unlucky *Spartan Sacrifice* (beaten in the last stride in the race two years ago) on the post to win by a head in a photo-finish. *Majasa*, a further half-length away, was third. *Stratolight* was about a neck away, fourth, then came *The Bite* and

Richard Louis. For the second year running the winner of the race has been trained by F. Armstrong. Our striking photograph, which conveys not only the speed of the close finish but the determination and effort by the jockeys, shows (right to left) *Sugar Bowl* (W. Snaith up), followed by *Spartan Sacrifice* (N. Sellwood up) and *Majasa* (D. W. Morris up). Horse No. 14 (right centre) is *The Bite* (H. Packham up), who finished fifth.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT seems from the news that the party politicians are preparing for electoral battle. Whether the power-politics statesmen on the other side of the Iron Curtain will elect to deprive them—and us—of this rather dubious pleasure, still remains to be seen. If they do, there can be no question that, whatever our political differences, we shall forget them in a moment, and stand, where we have always stood as a people in supreme crisis, shoulder to shoulder. Otherwise, after our peaceful Festival summer, I suppose it is inevitable that we should be made uncomfortable, one way or the other, by politicians. That is, after all, their democratic business.

The trouble about politics to-day for ordinary folk not actively engaged in them is that they involve so many sudden and arbitrary interferences with their lives. Over these we appear, in these days of rapid executive action, to have no control. It is true that in a world where everything is comparative, we in this country are very fortunate in that such interferences are nothing like as violent, as revolutionary and as frequent as they have been in almost every other European country—save only Switzerland and Sweden—in the past half-century. Yet they have been rapid and revolutionary enough. And one of their effects has been to prevent the action of the individual from having the consequences that he would have had a just and reasonable right to expect. They have tended to introduce the principle of the roulette into the individual's planning of his life and work. And that, for a society that has to depend, as any human society must, on the foresight, judgment and constancy of the individuals who comprise it, is a dangerous thing. If, in pursuit of abstract equality and justice, a Government acts in a way which leaves any substantial numbers of individuals feeling with reason they have been unjustly and inequitably treated, it serves to destroy public confidence and to lower the standard of public morality. For confidence and public morality depend on men possessing a reasonable hope of reaping where they sow. If anyone repeatedly prevents them from doing so they will cease to sow.

I was reminded of this by the sudden measures which the Chancellor of the Exchequer recently announced for freezing dividends. I have no personal concern in any of the forms of business and livelihood affected by the proposed decrees, so I can afford to take an impersonal view of them. But I clearly remember the present Chancellor's predecessor appealing, in what I thought to be most cogent and compelling terms, to directors of companies to limit dividends in the public interest. The injustice of what is proposed is that precisely those boards of directors—and their shareholders—who, out of patriotism and a sense of social solidarity, unselfishly responded to the Chancellor's appeal, are now to be penalised, while those who, for whatever reasons, disregarded it, are to be placed in a better position by the Chancellor's action than their more conscientious rivals. This kind of ill-faith in the rulers of a country—for that is what it amounts to—seems to me the negation of statesmanship. For it produces, and must produce, the very cynicism and lack of public spirit in the citizen that it should always be the statesman's object to avoid.

But, it may be said in reply, these rough-and-ready proposals, with their manifest injustice and inequity, have not been conceived as an act of considered statesmanship by those who frame national policy, but merely as a necessary electoral device essential for those who, though honourable and patriotic men, have periodically, as part of the machinery of democratic government, to plead for the suffrages of their less well-educated fellows. And, believing as I do those responsible for this injustice to be men of the highest personal integrity and honour, that seems to be the only adequate explanation of the matter. For, whatever may be said for artificially limiting the dividend level as a measure of economic policy or social psychology, there can be no moral reason for doing it in such a way as to advantage those who have ignored the Government's earlier appeal at the expense of those who responded to it. But necessity, it has been said, knows no law—of justice or any other morality—and, for a statesman in a

parliamentary country, successful electioneering is the sole condition of survival. It is better for statesmen, under such circumstances, to commit injustice than to cease to exist.

In this lies a problem of parliamentary democracy for which we have got to find an answer. If the existence and work of democratic politicians is to depend on their ability to appeal to the emotions or cupidity of the majority at the expense of acting justly towards minorities, democracy cannot remain compatible with justice. It is no use saying that the satisfaction of a majority must always be just, because that is untrue. Men are no more inherently just in the aggregate than they are in their individual

capacities; indeed, because conscience operates less directly, they are usually much less so. The immediate answer—that given by the politicians of the reforming Left—is that no revolution can be carried out without substantial injustice, and that, despite this, it is better to effect a revolution by parliamentary processes than by those involving bloodshed and mob violence. There is much truth in this, but it is an argument that can be carried too far. The effect of injustice is cumulative, and it is the multiplication of injustice that always in the end produces those very evils that a parliamentary régime exists to avoid.

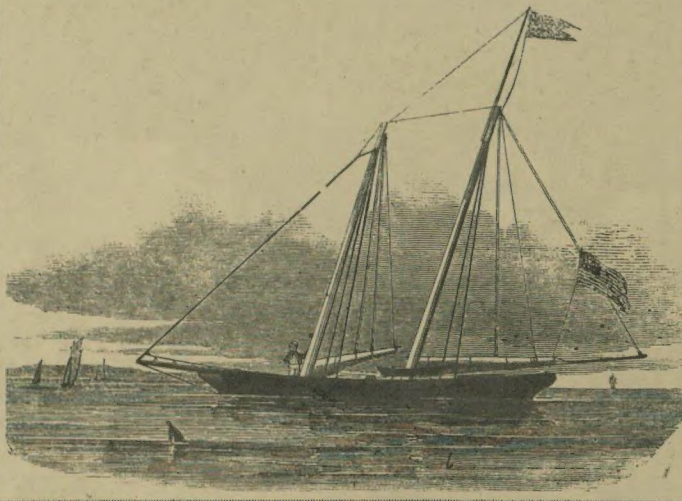
The truth is that reform by parliamentary processes necessitates a pace of progress that is, by and large, compatible with practical and substantial justice for the individual. When Burke said that, if he could not reform with equity, he would not reform at all, he was—as so often in his superb eloquence—overstating things. Yet had he said that, if the degree of injustice compatible with any reform could not be kept within reasonable bounds, reform would do more harm than good, he would have been expressing, though far less eloquently, a truth which every revolutionary age has proved. If the present revolution, one which has transformed social life in this country during my lifetime, cannot be conducted without a greater regard for practical justice for individuals, it will founder on the same failings of human nature as so many of its predecessors. The great reforms it has effected will then be confounded and brought to nought.

Perhaps the essence of the matter lies in this question of pace. The pace of change, of revolution—not change or revolution itself—needs checking if it is not to run away with the moralities on which the human relationships of society are based. If a breakdown of society is to be avoided, we need a period for consolidation and adaptation before we make more changes. Lover of the past though I am, I am aware that many of the changes effected in the last decade have been, whatever their immediate consequences, wise and necessary. I believe that on the whole their advantages outweigh their disadvantages. Yet I see ever-growing signs that those changes are about all the body politic can stand for the moment without moral consequences graver than the defects reformers still hope to eradicate by rapid reform. It is time, therefore, for the swing of the pendulum, which is so essential a part of the machinery of parliamentary

democracy, to operate. For, though a radical Government has only been in power for six years, the wartime Governments that preceded it imposed even more revolutionary and drastic changes on our lives—changes which have proved permanent.

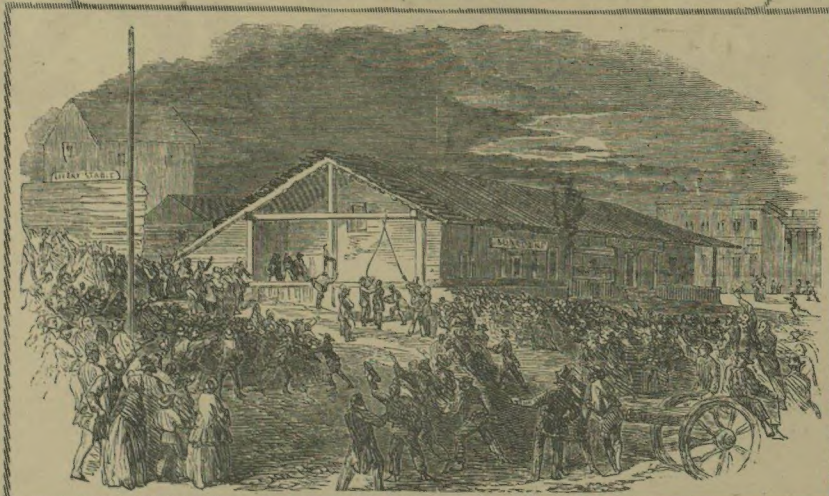
For twelve years the tempo of political life in this country has been a revolutionary one, and it is time for a pause. It is here that I should like to see the organised forces of Conservatism fulfilling their real function, which is not, as I see it, to oppose change out of hatred of change—a policy of sterility and death—but to oppose that excessive interference with the justice of recognised relationships that constitutes the reverse side of the public good sought by reform and revolution. The Conservative leader who makes that the basis of his Party's policy—who appeals, as Socialists did earlier, to the English conscience instead of to mere class self-interest—will discover, I believe, a response far greater than the Tadpoles and Tapers of the contemporary scene conceive possible.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: ILLUSTRATIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF AUGUST 9, 1851.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE UNITED STATES CLIPPER YACHT AMERICA,
OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

The American team's recent victory at Cowes, when they won four races against Great Britain's three, was the twelfth match for the British-American Cup in the series begun in 1921. However, a hundred years ago the yacht America was built in New York for "the purpose of competing with the English yachts at Cowes." The yacht was described as being "rather a violation of the old-established ideas of naval architecture... in fact, instead of the 'phantom ship' we have before us 'a rakish, piratical-looking craft' whose appearance in bygone days in the Southern Atlantic would have struck terror into the soul of many a 'homeward-bounder.' But this yacht has traversed the Atlantic on a different mission; and opportunely in the year 1851, the citizen of the States brings her for fraternal competition with the aristocracy of our own island."



LYNCH LAW IN CALIFORNIA: THE SCENE OF THE FIRST EXECUTION IN SAN FRANCISCO
ON JUNE 10, 1851.

Our engraving of the first execution in San Francisco in 1851 was accompanied by a long description of the scene and the events which led up to it, together with an extract from the letter of a merchant on the spot: "We have had quite an excitement here the last few days, caused by the hanging by lynch law of a burglar, who was caught in the act of carrying off a safe, and was hung by the crowd in the square three hours after." Incidents from a film called "The Sound of Fury," now showing in London, which tells the story of a lynching in Santa Sierra, appear on "The World of the Cinema" page in this issue.

THE PRINCESS AT CRANWELL: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH R.A.F. CADETS.



PRESENTING THE SWORD OF HONOUR TO FLIGHT-CADET UNDER-OFFICER A. MERRIMAN AT THE R.A.F. COLLEGE: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH.



INSPECTING ROYAL AIR FORCE PERSONNEL AT CRANWELL ON AUGUST 1: PRINCESS ELIZABETH PASSING ALONG A PARADE OF A FLIGHT WING. THE MEN ARE STANDING IN FRONT OF THEIR AIRCRAFT AT THE R.A.F. COLLEGE.



PRESENTING THE MEDAL OF HONOUR TO FLIGHT-CADET UNDER-OFFICER B. A. SPRY ON AUGUST 1: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE PASSING-OUT PARADE OF CADETS AT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE, CRANWELL, Lincs.: A GENERAL VIEW. HER ROYAL HIGHNESS LUNCHEDED AT THE COLLEGE AND LATER WATCHED A DEMONSTRATION BY JET VAMPIRES AND A CANBERRA.

Princess Elizabeth, on August 1, paid her first visit to the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, where her father, the King, was once stationed, took the salute at the passing-out parade of cadets and presented the Sword of Honour and the King's Medal to Flight-Cadet Under-Officer A. Merriman, and the Medal of Honour to Flight-Cadet Under-Officer B. A. Spry. In an address to the cadets, her Royal Highness pointed out that in many ways the Royal Air Force was a service "that calls for quickness of mind and body and spirit,

which is one of the main qualities of youth, but it calls also for another quality, which is, I believe, of equal importance, a sense of responsibility, more associated with maturity." She went on to say: "I think you are lucky to have put upon you so early in life this responsibility; that is the badge of manhood." After lunching at the College, the Princess watched a display by jet Vampires and a Canberra. She had intended to fly to Cranwell, but owing to bad weather on July 31, she went by night train.



MR. RONALD DRYMER BECKETT, THE AUTHOR OF ONE OF THE BOOKS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Since his retirement from the Bench in India, where he was Puisne Judge, 1941-46, Mr. R. B. Beckett has written two books on art history. The first, "Hogarth," was published in 1949, and an appreciation of it by Sir John Squire appeared in this paper; the second, "Lely," has just been published.

especial emphasis upon those of Lely. "The work of Sir Peter Lely," he says, "has especially seemed in need of a complete revaluation." He might have filled his book with drawings from people to whom full justice has been done. But the work "of Holbein, Van Dyck and the Van de Veldes has been excluded for obvious reasons." Others are here. There are followers of Holbein, there are Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, Inigo Jones, Faithorne, Cooper, Francis Barlow, Hollar, Greenhill, Place and Kneller. But out of sixty-four pages, fourteen are devoted to the work of Lely.

I don't think that anybody could dispute that a



"AN IDYLL," BY PETER LELEY, c. 1648. ALSO CALLED "NYMPH AND SATYR." (EXECUTORS OF SIR EDMUND DAVIS, 1941, WHEN DESTROYED BY ENEMY ACTION. COLLECTION OF THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN, 1923. 44½ BY 78½ INS.) Reproduced from the book "Lely," by courtesy of the Publishers.

far finer volume of drawings could be derived from the excluded artists than from those included. But we miss a lot if we concentrate entirely upon the Great Masters. It isn't only a question of the minor masters in any art, who are, in Coventry Patmore's phrase, "the lovely who are not beloved"; it is also a question of the potentially great artists who produced so little that their exquisite work tends to be overshadowed. There were a good many English artists in the seventeenth century, both painters and draughtsmen, from Dobson onwards, who died young (usually, the legend goes, from dissipation), and whose works are well worth recovery. Such a one was Francis Barlow (1626-1702), whose powerful drawings of birds and beasts, "A Group of Birds," "Elephant and Rhinoceros" and "Fox and Eagle," suggest that he might have been a perfect illustrator of Æsop's Fables, or the Fables of La Fontaine. He is well represented here; but Mr. Woodward does not think so highly of some of his specimens. For example, of Mary Beale, he says (after telling us about the wealth of her subsisting work): "This plethora of work and documentation have given her too great a fame, and her red chalk drawings have come almost to typify the style of the English seventeenth-century draughtsmen. Her work for the most part lacks animation and sensibility, and possesses only a boring competency." I am sorry to say that I hold much the same view about Sir Peter Lely's drawings in Mr. Woodward's book. They are competent and they are dull. The best of them are those which he drew (probably with a view to informing people who were organising a procession—and even before each Coronation antiquaries must be consulted and artists must draw in order that tradition should not be lost) of the Chancellor, the Heralds, the Prelate, and a Knight of the Garter. The drawings are certainly accurate and informative, but the spirit of life is not in them. They are lumpish.

I do not think that Peter Lely will ever be put "on the map" as a draughtsman; as a painter it

seems clear that he has not had his due. He was a foreigner, like most of our post-mediaeval painters; he was born Pieter van der Faes, in 1618, "about the time when Van Dyck was entering the studio of Rubens as an assistant"; all three of them came over here, prospered and were knighted, but Lely, as the youngest, after painting Charles I., lingered on long enough to paint the "Hampton Court Beauties" who adorned the Court of Charles II. By these he is commonly judged, and they almost all look very much alike. Just as the men of the time, smothered with wigs, and the men of the next century depersonalised by another sort of wig, tend to look alike, so those beauties, all conforming to fashion, look very much the same to us—and that, had they been allowed to look forward nearly 300 years, they wouldn't have liked at all. Mr. Beckett catalogues—and some of the information in his catalogue is by no means up-to-date—hundreds of portraits of men and women, especially women, which are scattered about the country and America. There are probably many which he has not traced, just as there are many untraced Knellers. These industrious men, the German and the Dutchman, were (as it were) the fashionable photographers of their time, as Janssen and others had been before them; and I cannot suppose that Mr. Beckett, for all his endeavours, has run them

all to earth. I remember being once in a country house where the young lady of the house had decided that the ancestral portraits were too huge for the rooms in which she and her husband lived, dined and entertained: an array of small landscapes had been hung in what the agents call the "reception-rooms," and the evicted portraits had been banished to a gigantic kitchen, the roof of which was lost in shadows. I implored my way into the kitchen; and there,



"KING CHARLES II.," BY EDWARD LUTTERELL, WHO WAS BORN c. 1650 AND DIED AFTER 1723. (PASTEL ON BUFF PAPER, 9½ BY 7 INS. COLLECTION OF COLONEL PERNYHOUGH. NOW IN POSSESSION OF MR. LEONARD DUKE.) Reproduced from "Tudor and Stuart Drawings," by courtesy of the Publishers, Faber and Faber.

stacked against each other, were all the discarded ancestors. Heaving and heaving, we got them all into our vision: "Probably Lely," I said; "Probably Kneller," I said. "Possibly Jonathan Richardson," I said. They all flapped back into place, and I don't know what has become of them. But I do think that these recorders of pictures, whether by British artists or not, in England, would do well to insinuate themselves into the hundreds of smaller country houses where families (now menaced, like all our inheritance) have

lived for centuries: the contents of Chatsworth, Syon and Belvoir are adequately recorded.

Those portraits which I saw in that house—and I have encountered others in secluded houses not belonging to dukes—conformed to the Lely-type. The man, in his early days, was certainly capable of landscapes, and figures against landscapes, in a manner influenced by the Dutch and Venetian masters. But it seems clear that he painted for the market: and he died rich, with a carefully-chosen collection of other men's works. All those "beauties" (almost all looking to the left) wished to be painted in the manner of the hour. They must have urns or sheep beside them, or wands in their hands; Mrs. Hewse



"CHARLES I. AND THE DUKE OF YORK," BY PETER LELEY, 1647. KNOWN AS THE "CLOUDED MAJESTY" PICTURE, FROM LOVELACE'S POEM ON IT. (FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND. 49½ BY 57½ INS.) Reproduced from the book "Lely," by courtesy of the Publishers, Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd.

must have water dripping into a scallop-shell, because Lady Westmorland had had that; Miss Jones must have a single flower in her hand, because Miss Smith had it. And all must be swathed in a profusion of silks, preferably greenery-goldy, and must be conspicuously décolletée: Swinburne's phrase, "the deep division of prodigious breasts," is perhaps an unkind exaggeration, but it is evident that in Lely's days a degree of pectoral protuberance was deemed *à la mode*, and he obediently recorded it.

The earlier pictures reproduced in Mr. Beckett's book certainly suggest a young master worthy of the Van Dyck succession. The explanation of his downward career is frankly given by Mr. Beckett: "Influence apart, Lely's better work has its own intrinsic merits, notably those of draughtsmanship and subtle colouring, which are still worthy of respect. Horace Walpole treats him as 'admitted among the classics of the art.' This high esteem has since suffered an almost complete reversal, for which it must be admitted that Lely himself is principally to blame. A portrait-painter must strive to please his sitters, if he is to remain in fashion; but success in this line is apt to bring its own revenges, and Lely's career takes the form of an arc, the decline of which is a good deal steeper than the gradual ascent. His output towards the end was an almost purely commercial product, adulterated with the work of inferior hands, the sheer quantity of which tends to submerge the more painstaking efforts of his earlier years. It would hardly be fair to judge Lely's capabilities as a painter from these facile productions, however natural it may be to do so."

This apologia does not make me warm towards Lely, for many of whose male and female portraits I am, historically and sentimentally, grateful. It is rather as though Keats had lived and, although able to earn a modest living honestly, taken to writing leading articles under the direction of editors with whom he may or may not have agreed. The man surrendered: now, as then, he can "take the cash and let the credit go."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 228 of this issue.

* "Lely," By R. B. Beckett. English Master Painters. 96 pages of Plates. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; £2 10s.)

"Tudor and Stuart Drawings," By John Woodward. 64 pages of Half-tone reproductions of Drawings. (Faber and Faber; 25s.)

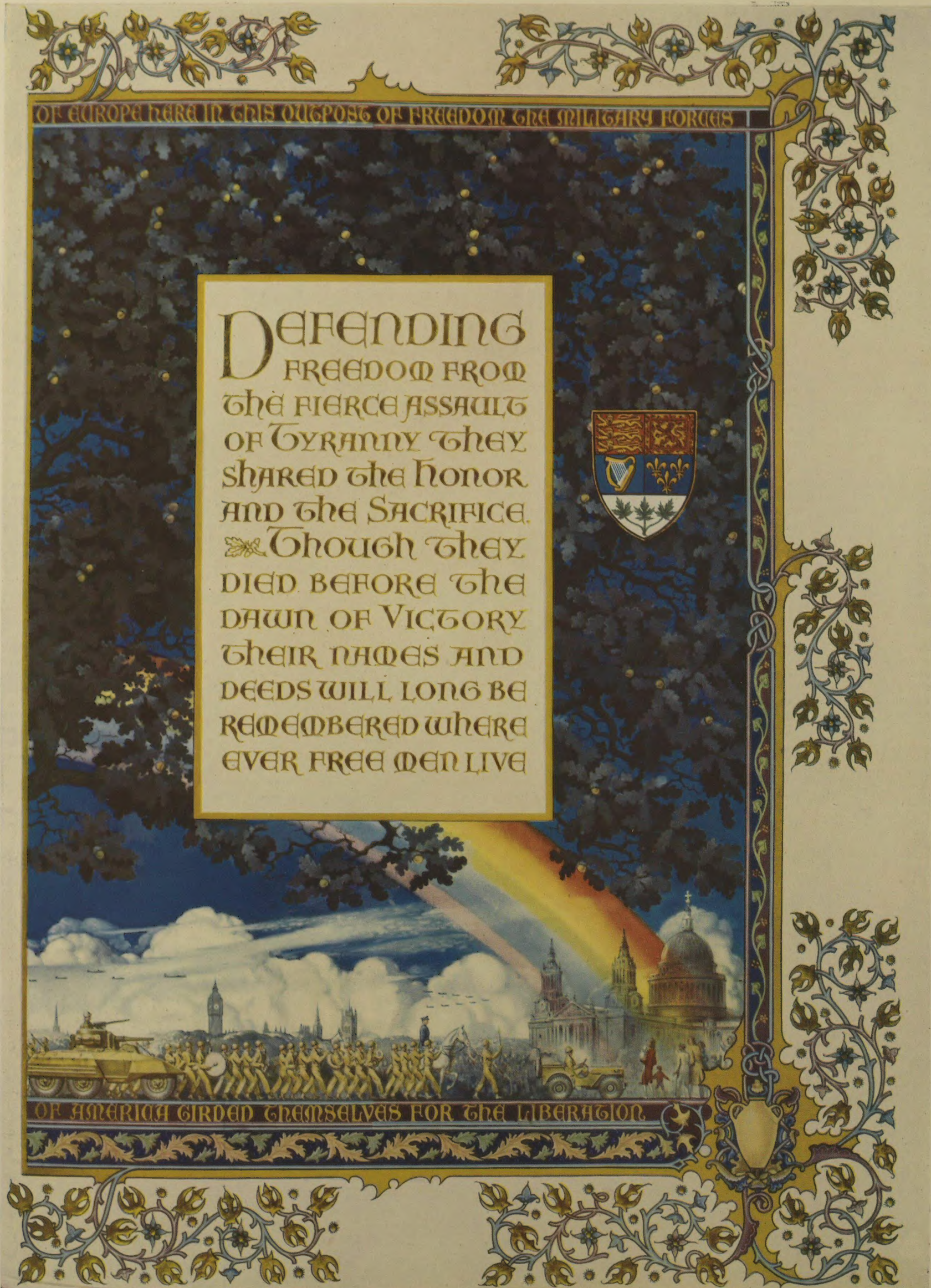


THE AMERICAN ROLL OF HONOUR NOW IN ST. PAUL'S: THE LEFT HALF OF THE DOUBLE-PAGE MEMORIAL PAINTING OF THE TREE OF LIFE, WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE DEAD ASCENDING.

The American Roll of Honour inscribed "To the Glory of God and in memory of the Americans who gave their lives in military operations from the British Isles," was handed over to the Dean of St. Paul's by General Eisenhower at a special service on July 4, Independence Day, for safe keeping by the Chapter until the American Memorial Chapel, now in course of construction, is ready to receive it.

The Roll, which was illustrated in black-and-white in our issue dated July 7, contains 28,000 names, occupying 473 pages, arranged alphabetically and all hand-written. The preface contains a number of memorial paintings by a group of artists engaged under Mr. Trygve A. Rovelstad of New York, including five British painters. The double-page memorial painting we reproduce is at the close

[Continued overleaf.]



SHOWING, AT THE BOTTOM, AMERICAN TROOPS ARRIVING IN LONDON: THE RIGHT HALF OF THE DOUBLE-PAGE MEMORIAL PAINTING OF THE TREE OF LIFE IN THE AMERICAN ROLL OF HONOUR.

Continued.

of the preface. It depicts an oak as the Tree of Life, with, on the left, the Spirit of the Dead ascending, a palm of Victory in his hand, while, below, American troops are shown leaving the United States and arriving in London. A page at the beginning of the volume contains a tribute from General Eisenhower, beginning: "Each name inscribed in this book is a story of personal tragedy and a grieving

family; a story repeated endlessly in white crosses girdling the globe"; and closing: "Here we and all who shall hereafter live in freedom will be reminded that to these men and their comrades of all the Allies we owe a debt to be paid. . . . with the high resolve that the cause for which they died shall live eternally." The Roll is a gift from the United States, and cost 25,000 dollars.



THERE was a show last month in London—it was dispersed all too soon—which was superlatively well-staged and which, in the compass of two not very large rooms, re-created the essential elements of eighteenth-century France. I consider myself fortunate to have been wandering down Bond Street on that particular afternoon, for it is not every day that anyone is good enough to arrange for me a sort of Wallace Collection in miniature, and I imagine a number of people who glance at this page will have a similar agreeable recollection.

Not every Englishman—nor, for that matter, every Frenchman—is automatically enamoured of the exceedingly elaborate productions of the various cabinet-makers who worked for the Court, because they set a standard not merely of craftsmanship but of gaiety which is a trifle remote from the workaday world. Our own people, as well as provincial France, were profoundly influenced by them, but translated their style into a more sober prose. It so happened that same evening I crossed the river after dark and strolled round the South Bank Exhibition, not, I confess, to imbibe scientific knowledge, but to obtain a visual impression of the river, the lighting and the various buildings—and there, perhaps rather oddly, I experienced the same kind of quiet pleasure which had been mine a few hours earlier in Bond Street, for those ingenious and comely pavilions and domes and restaurants seemed to me to bear something of the same relationship to, say, the Parthenon and Hampton Court as did these eighteenth-century chairs and cabinets and tapestries to their more solemn ancestors, bringing to a familiar rhythm fresh and lively modulations. The show, of which this is a belated notice, was held at the Mallett Galleries and organised



FIG. 2. ONE OF A SET OF EIGHT IN CARVED AND GILDED WOOD BY GEORGES JACOB (1739-1814): A CHAIR COVERED WITH BEAUVAIS TAPESTRY DESIGNED BY RANSON.

Georges Jacob, the cabinet-maker who designed the chair we illustrate (one of a set of eight), did much work for Queen Marie-Antoinette. In common with the other pieces illustrated, it was on view at the recent exhibition at Mallett's.

by Mr. Morton Lee in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. It contained some twenty to thirty pieces by famous Paris craftsmen, the majority loaned by private owners. In an attempt to indicate the exhibition's quality I have chosen three, the first of which is the remarkable *Bureau de Dame*, of Fig. 1, lent by the Duke of Buccleuch. This is of tulip-wood, with gilded bronze mounts and ornamented with plaques of Sèvres

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE ROYAL CABINET-MAKERS OF FRANCE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

porcelain painted with flowers—a variation upon the normal flowered inlay in various coloured woods, of which there were several beautiful examples close by. The photograph is sufficiently detailed to enable one at least to guess at the crispness of the mouldings in gilded bronze at feet and shoulders, the elegance of the proportions, the beauty of the wood, and the



FIG. 1. OF TULIP-WOOD, WITH GILDED BRONZE MOUNTS AND ORNAMENTED WITH PLAQUES OF SÈVRES PORCELAIN: A BUREAU DE DAME BY MARTIN CARLIN, d. 1785.

The Duke of Buccleuch lent this remarkable piece to the recent exhibition of French furniture held at Mallett's Galleries in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors.

delicacy of the painting; it cannot, of course, indicate the blue, greens and pinks of the flowers.

Opinions differ eternally as to the suitability of this marriage of wood and porcelain, and some will never be quite happy about it. (Note.—In this last sentence can be discerned the cloven hoof of our island Puritanism.) What is indisputable is that once the convention is accepted, never was meticulous craftsmanship put to more exquisite use, and I would defy any young woman seated at such a bureau to write letters which were not compounded of gaiety and sentiment in equal proportions. The maker is Martin Carlin, who died in 1785; clearly a great man in his trade, but who has left behind him very little in the way of personal record. Much more is known about the distinguished cabinet-maker who was responsible for the dignified chair of Fig. 2, one of a set of eight in carved and gilded wood and covered with Beauvais tapestry designed by Ranson. The tapestry ground is pale

green and the design speaks for itself. This is Georges Jacob (1739-1814), one of whose principal clients was Marie-Antoinette—the others were the owners of the majority of the palaces and *châteaux* in Europe. He is proof enough that, in the rigid society of the eighteenth century a career was open to talent, for he was the son of a labourer and had no family connections. He must have been clever in other ways, too, for though, like the vast majority of his fellows, he was ruined by the Revolution, he was able to keep his head above water and adapt himself to the circumstances of Consulate and Empire, thanks partly, at any rate, to his friendship with the painter Louis David. Fig. 3, the X-frame stool in carved and gilded wood, lent by Mrs. Meyer Sassoon, was made to the order of Marie-Antoinette for Fontainebleau, and was originally covered in brocade. It was later re-covered in tapestry to suit Napoleonic taste. The style, apart from its covering, is Louis XVI, and that in itself is an echo from Roman antiquity. Not for nothing had Pompeii been excavated in the middle of the eighteenth century; the results of that astounding archaeological discovery are to be seen on both sides of the Channel in thousands of pieces of furniture down to the present day.

In the midst of these and similar luxurious items, agreeably framed as it were by some choice paintings of the period and most notably by a magnificent set of Gobelins Tapestries lent by the Duke of Richmond, I found myself speculating not so much about the life and times of the prominent people for whom they were made (a subject which has filled many volumes), but about the fortunes of the whole race of craftsmen who served the French Court. We know very little about them, except that they were left high and dry in 1789, adding up the vast totals of irrecoverable debts due to them. A scrap or two of information about a few has survived—for example, it is known that the great Riesener, he who was apprenticed to Oeben and in due course succeeded to the business and to his employer's widow, was convinced that the Revolution was a passing storm, and bought back some of his own work when the Convention ordered the sale of the Royal furniture, only to discover that taste had changed. There is drama and personal tragedy and fortitude and intrigue in this kind of situation, but unfortunately these men are shadowy figures—they do not live in the round as do painters and writers. But until the sun sank over their horizon, what a life was theirs! A society



FIG. 3. MADE TO THE ORDER OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE FOR FONTAINEBLEAU: A FRAME STOOL IN CARVED AND GILDED WOOD COVERED WITH TAPESTRY.

This frame stool, lent by Mrs. Meyer Sassoon, to the exhibition of French furniture discussed on this page by Frank Davis, was made to the order of Marie-Antoinette. It was originally covered in brocade, and the style, apart from its present covering, is Louis XVI.

endowed with taste and apparently unlimited wealth, intent upon emulating the standards set by the monarch. No craftsmen ever had such opportunities. It is probably just as well that no such set of circumstances is likely to occur again, for the social consequences of so great a lack of balance in the national economy were disastrous. None the less, in these more strenuous days one looks and marvels.

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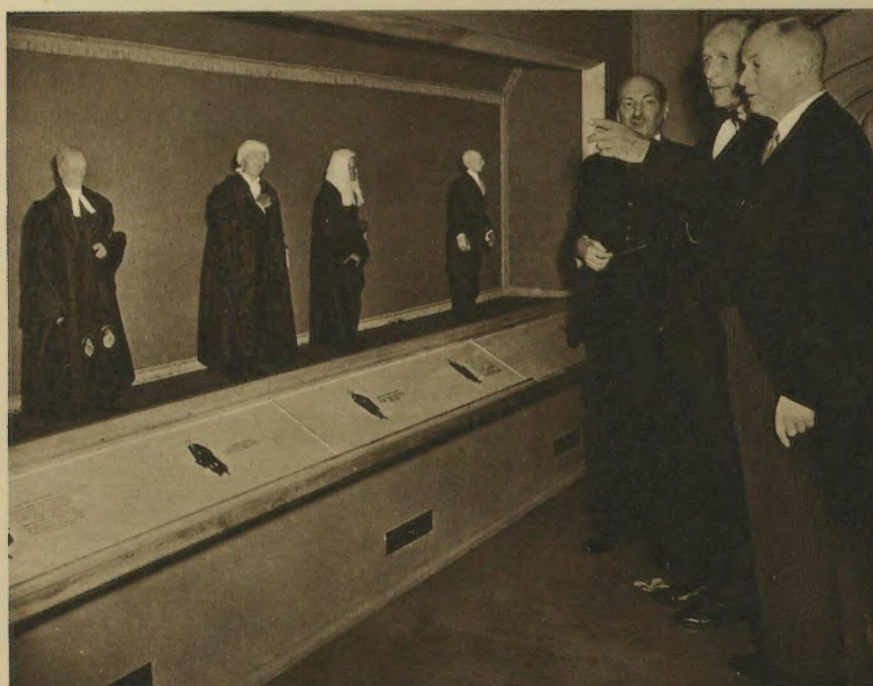
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"PARLIAMENT PAST AND PRESENT" EXHIBITED.



ONE OF FOUR DIORAMAS ILLUSTRATING EPISODES IN THE HISTORY OF PARLIAMENT: A DEPUTATION FROM PARLIAMENT OFFERING THE CROWN TO WILLIAM AND MARY.



EXAMINING THE SMALL-SCALE MODELS OF THE OFFICERS OF PARLIAMENT: (L. TO R.) MR. ATTLEE; THE LORD CHANCELLOR; AND THE SPEAKER, COLONEL CLIFTON BROWN.



IN THE EXHIBITION OF "PARLIAMENT PAST AND PRESENT": A DIORAMA SHOWING KING CHARLES I. DEMANDING THE SURRENDER OF THE FIVE MEMBERS IN 1642.

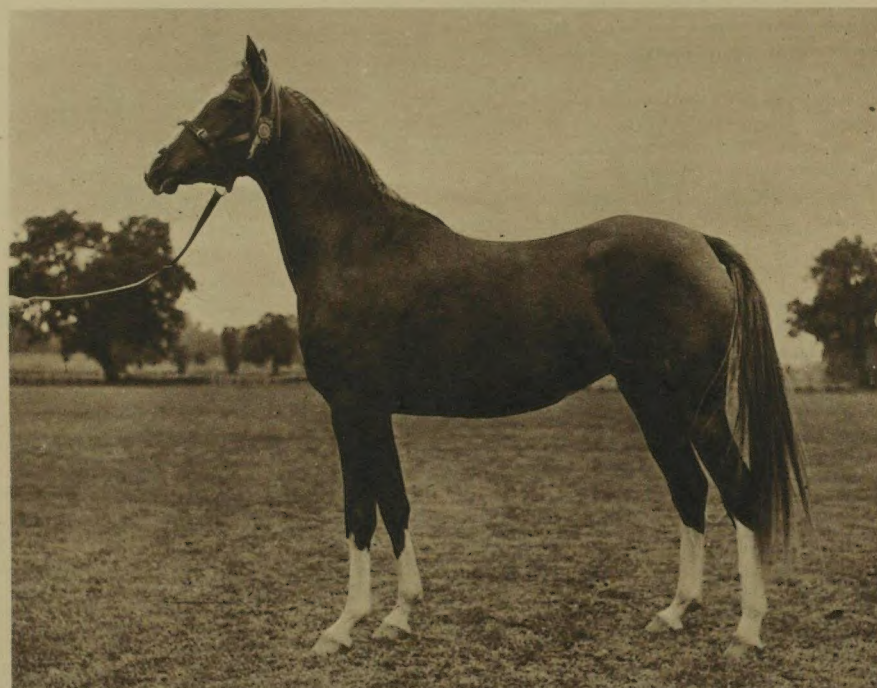
On August 1 the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Jowitt, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, Colonel Clifton Brown, formally opened an exhibition entitled "Parliament Past and Present" in the Grand Committee Room leading out of Westminster Hall, which will remain open to the public throughout the summer recess from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. (Sundays excepted). The exhibition is a contribution to the Festival of Britain celebrations, and tells of the history of Parliament in seven sections. The first shows how the Palace of Westminster has changed through the centuries in a series of prints, photographs and models. Next the place of the Sovereign in Parliamentary history is depicted, and the third section depicts something of the functions of Parliament. There are separate sections devoted to the Lords and Commons respectively, and a section in which the officers of Parliament are shown in small-scale models. Finally, one can see how members deal with constituents and how Parliamentary news is conveyed to the public.

THE ARAB HORSE SOCIETY SHOW.

The Arab Horse Society's Show opened at the Roehampton Polo Club on July 31, when Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone were present. Lady Wentworth won the open stallion class with her chestnut stallion *Dargee*, the yearling class with *Dargee's* colt, *Dancing Wings*, and the three-year-old filly class with *Shalina*. Her big chestnut *Grand Royal* won the four-year-old stallion class and the championship of his class, and her *Silver Shadow* won the open brood mare class and challenge cup. There was general satisfaction over Mr. H. V. M. Clark's success with *Razaz* in the junior championship. On the second day Anglo-Arabs and part-bred Arabs were shown. Notable winners were Mr. Kent's *Cervin* and *Champs Elysées*, Miss G. M. Yule's *High Castle*, Miss Beryl Prior's *Prince of Orange* and Miss de Beaumont's *Dolphin* and *Honeysuckle*. Mr. A. Deptford's ponies *Pretty Polly* and *My Pretty Maid*, champion and reserve champion at the International Horse Show, were first and second in an event in which twenty-four part-bred Arabs competed.



WINNER IN THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD STALLION CLASS AND CHAMPION OF HIS CLASS: LADY WENTWORTH'S BIG CHESTNUT *GRAND ROYAL* AT THE ROEHAMPTON POLO CLUB.



WINNER OF THE JUNIOR AND OPEN SPECIAL PRIZES: LADY WENTWORTH'S THREE-YEAR-OLD FILLY *SHALINA*, BY *RISSAM*, AT THE ARAB HORSE SOCIETY SHOW.



A POPULAR WINNER OF THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. H. V. M. CLARK'S CHESTNUT TWO-YEAR-OLD COLT *RAZAZ* BY *CHAMPURRADO* OUT OF *RAHAB*.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE: A CAMERA SURVEY OF NEWS ITEMS.



THE SINKING OF ONE OF THE *CAMPANIA* TUGS: *EARL*, AN ESCORT VESSEL OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN SHIP, CAPSIZING IN THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA DOCK, CARDIFF.

On Sunday evening, July 29, *Earl*, one of the four British Railway tugs escorting the Festival of Britain ship *Campania* into the Queen Alexandra Dock, Cardiff, suddenly capsized and sank. The master and crew of five dived into the water as she went down, and were rescued by small boats.



BIRTHPLACE OF THE "DISCOVERER OF THE ATOMIC THEORY" NEARLY 200 YEARS AGO: THE STONE COTTAGE AT EAGLESFIELD WHERE JOHN DALTON WAS BORN IN 1766.

Within a few miles of Sellafield, Cumberland, where a mighty atom station has now been completed, there is a stone cottage in the small hamlet of Eaglesfield where John Dalton, "the discoverer of the atomic theory," was born on September 5, 1766. He died at Manchester on July 27, 1844.



WINNER OF THE CANOE SINGLES EVENT IN THE 1951 KAYAK AND CANOE CHAMPIONSHIPS ON THE ENNS, AT STEYR, AUSTRIA, ON JULY 29: M. CHARLES DUSSUET, OF SWITZERLAND.

There were 120 participants from eight countries in the World's Kayak and Canoe Championships on the Enns, at Steyr, Austria. Our photograph shows the winner of the Canoe Single event, M. Charles Dussuet, of Switzerland, whom our correspondent reports to have been victorious with 251.6 points.



BROODING OVER HER CLUSTERS OF EGGS AND HOLDING THEM IN THE MEMBRANOUS EXPANSION OF HER ARMS: A FEMALE OCTOPUS IN ONE OF THE TANKS AT THE MARINE STUDIOS IN MARINELAND, FLORIDA. THE EGGS CAN BE SEEN IN STRANDS (RIGHT).



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE LIGHT OF A FLASH OF LIGHTNING: A GARDEN IN RUISLIP AT THE HEIGHT OF THE STORM OF JULY 31.

A thunderstorm struck Southern England early on July 31. Six houses in the London area were struck. Our photograph, taken from a garden in Ruislip during the storm, at 2 a.m., shows the area lit by lightning.



A CLEAR METHOD OF SAVING TIME AT THE CUSTOMS: CARRYING HER BELONGINGS IN A TRANSPARENT SUITCASE, ONE OF THE TRANS-WORLD-AIRLINES HOSTESSES BOARDS AN AIRCRAFT AT LONDON AIRPORT.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ABOUT two years ago, a friend gave me a coffin—not, I feel sure, with any *arrière pensée*. Although second-hand, it's a nice coffin, and fits me like a glove. Hewn

out of a solid block of stone, and close on 7 ft. long, it weighs not far short of a ton. Archaeological friends assure me that it is probably of Saxon origin. No, there was nothing morbid about this handsome gift. My friend, knowing my habit of growing Alpine plants and making miniature rock-gardens in old stone sinks and troughs, asked me whether I would like yet another trough—there was one in a barn at Lower Farm at the bottom of the village which I was welcome to have for the carting. There I found it, no ordinary trough, but without doubt a coffin. The problem of getting it home did not worry me. I had no intention of lifting a personal finger in the operation. I would concentrate on organising. Obviously the thing had been transported at some distant date from its original burial-ground site to Lower Farm, so obviously it could be transported to my garden less than half-a-mile away. By way of a hearse a farmer friend lent me a tractor and trailer, and for manpower a reasonable amount of potential beer secured the skill and brawn of eight stout fellows. The trailer was backed up to the coffin, which was slowly upended and then lowered into position, and away we sped, flat out, at a most indecorous and un-funereal rate of m.p.h. For the first time in my life I hitch-hiked home, enthroned upon a coffin. A site was found close to my house, where the coffin would form the centrepiece of a group of other trough gardens. Coaxing it into position, to rest upon stone blocks so as to raise it slightly off the ground, to intercept the entry of worms, was not easy, but in the end all was ready for the making of a trough rock-garden. A hole was cut in the bottom of the coffin, and a fair depth of rubble and corks put in for drainage, and then a soil mixture—loam, sand, a dusting of peat, and a heavy proportion of broken limestone—was shovelled in. About half the coffin, the wider, head-and-shoulders end, was built up as a mounded outcrop of tufa rock, built rather closely, with narrow, soil-filled crevices between the rocks. The narrower end was left slightly mounded, but rockless.

The number of plants that such a trough garden will absorb without overcrowding is astonishing. Already my coffin has over fifty different species and varieties, many of which are represented by groups of three, five or six specimens of a kind, and still there is room for a good many more. All the plants are small, compact-growing Alpines, except a few trailers which spill down over the side. The most vigorous of these is *Androsace lanuginosa*, which already makes a fine cascade of its pale-lilac, verberna-like blossoms from mid till late summer. I remember with what care and respect this willing *Androsace* was treated fifty years ago, when it was still a rare plant, and because rare, considered delicate and difficult. Folk made up special and elaborate soil confections for it, and erected little glass wigwams over it to ward off winter rains, the only effect of which was to make the plant as sensitive as a man who forever wears a muffler. Given full sun and a slope down which to trail, *A. lanuginosa* is as tough and winter-hardy as a daisy. The doyen of my coffin garden is a veteran specimen of the rare hedgehog variety of

MY COFFIN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

the common British juniper, *Juniperus communis echiniformis*. This I bought thirty-five years ago as a round, prickly, stemless ball, less than 3 ins. in diameter. It came in a pot, and in a series of pots I grew and cultivated it until six months ago. At intervals, small tufts of growth died, brown and brittle, and were removed, but the tiny tree grew steadily and very, very slowly, until eventually there was a stout, gnarled trunk, 6 ins. high, and thicker than my thumb, carrying an irregular head of green. In spite of its appearance of immense age and a picturesque sideways lean, it never looked "right" in its pot, but now, planted out among the dwarfiest of small fry in the coffin, the hedgehog juniper fits perfectly into its surroundings, and already shows appreciation of root freedom after thirty-five years—

present time, or more than half-a-dozen gardeners mad enough to grow it.

The plant has no outstanding beauty, but it has all the fascination—for some—of a very, very rare postage-stamp.

Close to my *Sagina* grows a fine turf of *Gentiana farreri*. But it is not the *farreri* that I have known in the past, which was always a frail species, with a rare determination to die on one. This has the same exquisite trumpets of clear, soft, liquid blue, white-throated, and handsomely striped without, but the habit is robust, hearty and exceptionally free-flowering. The original plants came here labelled "*farreri*." Their behaviour and flowering astonished me. The

actual blossoms convinced me that they were *farreri*, even though their vigour caused me to doubt at first. They seeded freely, and all seedlings have shown the same good qualities, and they flourish in soil which is heavily charged with limestone, which is poison to so many closely related *Gentians*.

Soldanella montana has flowered freely and increased, next door to Farrer's gentian. Too often the *Soldanellas* fail to flower in the rock-garden, the reason being, I think, that slugs devour the buds before they have had time to develop to any extent. In a trough garden, slugs, snails and worms can be kept well under control. Six plants of *Saxifraga cochlearis minor* planted close together in an inch-wide space between the base of tufa rocks and the edge of the coffin have already joined up into one solid cushion of tight, hard, silvery foliage. I know few Alpine plants which are so satisfactorily permanent as this

saxifrage. I once planted a single specimen of it in a rock-garden that I built. It was then a youngster an inch or two across. Twenty years later I revisited the garden, and there was my saxifrage, grown to the size of a five-guinea (pre-war) bath sponge. The secret of success is to plant it with deep root-run in a narrow crevice on a sunny rock-face.

I will not attempt to describe or even enumerate all the fifty-odd Alpines that have gone into my coffin. But three *Daphnes* I must mention. A young grafted specimen of *D. rupestris grandiflora* was planted in a hole which I bored right through a tufa rock, so that its roots got down into the soil below. This flowered last spring, and has already formed flower-buds for next spring on the tips of its new shoots. There are, too, young grafted specimens of *Daphne striata* and its rare, white-flowered variety, which I collected in the Alps three years ago. These are planted close to the edge of the coffin, at the lower end, where they will, I hope, trail forward over the edge.

Not many bulbs have been planted as yet. It is not easy to find species small enough. But there are corms of the tiny *Crocus vernus*, both white and violet, that flowers so brilliantly with the *Soldanellas*

at the edge of melting snow patches in the high Alps. There are bulbs, too, of the inch-high trumpet daffodil, *Narcissus minimus*, and the tiny Chilean *Oxalis lobata*, which makes two crops of growth a year. First a crop of leaves in early summer, which soon disappears, and then, in later summer, a fresh crop of leaves, together with satin blossoms of rich, deep gold. I find that I am not alone in appreciation of my coffin. Tom Leopold, our recently acquired kitten, finds the space beneath it a heaven-sent sanctuary from imaginary perils, and at the same time the perfect sally-port from which to steal forth upon bogus adventures.



"HEWN OUT OF A SOLID BLOCK OF STONE, AND CLOSE ON 7 FT. LONG, IT WEIGHS NOT FAR SHORT OF A TON": MR. CLARENCE ELLIOTT'S MINIATURE ROCK-GARDEN ARRANGED IN A COFFIN, WHICH HIS ARCHÆOLOGICAL FRIENDS ASSURE HIM IS PROBABLY OF SAXON ORIGIN.



"TOM LEOPOLD, OUR RECENTLY ACQUIRED KITTEN, FINDS THE SPACE BENEATH IT [THE COFFIN] A HEAVEN-SENT SANCTUARY . . . AND THE PERFECT SALLY-PORT FROM WHICH TO STEAL FORTH UPON BOGUS ADVENTURES." [Photographs by J. R. Jameson.]

or probably forty years—solitary confinement in a pot.

The rarest plant in the coffin, and quite the silliest, is a 2-in. cushion of *Sagina boydii*. It forms a tight, round hummock of glossy, spinach-green leaves like almost microscopic doll's-house turf. Many years ago the late Dr. Boyd discovered and collected a solitary specimen in the Highlands, and the plant has never been found since. Since then there have always been a few mad gardeners—like myself—whom it has amused to grow this botanical absurdity. But I doubt whether there are more than a dozen specimens of *Sagina boydii* in cultivation at the

RACING FOR THE BRITISH-AMERICAN CUP.

The twelfth match for the British-American Cup, instituted in 1921, was won by the American team on August 1. The U.S. scored four victories to Great Britain's three in the current series. The United States have now won eight times to Britain's four. We illustrate here the fifth race in the series, which the American team won by 12½ points to 9 on July 30. The U.S. yacht *Goose* finished first, and was sailed by H. F. Whiton, captain of the American team, as R. B. Meyer, the helmsman, was ill. The British yacht *Johan* finished third. The U.S. team then had two wins to Britain's three. The sixth race was won on July 31 by the U.S. team by 15½ points to 6, and they also won the concluding race on August 1 by 14½ points to 7. The individual scores for the series were: *Llanoria* (U.S.), 36½; *Marletta* (G.B.) 26½; *Goose* (U.S.) 24½; *Johan* (G.B.), 23½; *Firecracker* (U.S.), 20; and *Circe* (G.B.), 18.



THE FIFTH RACE OF THE SERIES FOR THE BRITISH-AMERICAN CUP AT COWES: COMPETITORS ROUNDING THE NORTH-EAST GURNARD BUOY; SHOWING *GOOSE* (U.S.A.), *JOHAN* (G.B., K65) AND *LLANORIA* (U.S.A., NEAREST THE CAMERA).



WON BY THE AMERICAN TEAM BY 12½ POINTS TO 9: THE FIFTH RACE FOR THE BRITISH-AMERICAN CUP; SHOWING YACHTS PASSING THE WEST RYDE MIDDLE BUOY.



LEADING THE U.S. YACHT *LLANORIA* AND THE BRITISH YACHT *JOHAN*: *GOOSE* (U.S.A.), WHICH FINISHED FIRST IN THE FIFTH RACE AT COWES.

JERSEY'S "FLORA" BECOME "FAUNA."



A HUNT IN FULL CRY, WITH HOUNDS AND HORSES ENTIRELY MADE OF FLOWERS: A PRIZE-WINNING TABLEAU IN THE JERSEY CARNIVAL AND BATTLE OF FLOWERS HELD ON AUGUST 2.



THE QUEEN'S FLOAT: SOME OF JERSEY'S LOVELIEST GIRLS ON A FRAGRANT FLORAL MOUNTAIN WHICH SERVED AS THRONE FOR THE CARNIVAL QUEEN.



SURMOUNTED BY A HOWDAH COMPOSED OF BLOSSOMS: AN ELEPHANT IN FLOWERS, COMPLETE WITH A MOVABLE TRUNK WHICH SPOUTED WATER.

The traditional annual Carnival and Battle of Flowers in St. Helier, Jersey, is one of the holiday attractions of the Channel Islands and, though a small version of this colourful and decorative display was organised shortly after the Liberation, this Festival of Britain year is the first occasion since the Second World War that it has been presented in its full splendour and beauty. As our photographs show, the flora of the Channel Islands was, for the Carnival, held on August 2, transformed into fauna, and the animals completely made of flowers were outstanding features of the procession. The float representing a hunt in full cry won Class B of the Children's Competition; and the elephant, complete with a howdah, in which a "rajah" rode behind his "mahout" roused general admiration. The procession was followed by the traditional joyous combat with flowers, in which the many spectators took part.

ROYAL OCCASIONS, ANCIENT SPLENDOUR FLOODLIT, AND FLYING HISTORY.



THE FIRST CANBERRA JET BOMBER TO UNDERTAKE THE FLIGHT TO AUSTRALIA: THE AIRCRAFT AT LYNEHAM, WILTS, BEFORE LEAVING ON AUGUST 1.

The route chosen for the first Canberra jet bomber to fly from Britain to Australia was Lyneham, El Adem, Habbaniyah, Karachi, Ceylon, Singapore, Darwin, Melbourne. The flight, which started on August 1, was expected to take six days, with overnight stops, and the flying time was forecast as between 25 and 30 hours. The aircraft was piloted by Wing-Commander D. Cuming, chief test pilot of the R.A.A.F., with Flight-Lieutenant C. Harvey as the other member of the crew.



FLOODLIT ON WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS THIS FESTIVAL YEAR: HAMPTON COURT, THE WEST FRONT, WITH THE KING'S BEASTS SHOWN UP IN SHARP RELIEF.



WREN'S SUPERB GARDEN FRONT OF HAMPTON COURT, ITS BEAUTY ENHANCED BY FLOODLIGHTING: THE ILLUMINATED EAST FAÇADE OF THE PALACE.



"THE DUTCH GARDEN" BATHED IN THE RADIANCE OF MODERN FLOODLIGHTING: A VIEW OF HAMPTON COURT GROUNDS, SHOWING THE SMALL BANQUETING-HALL IN THE BACKGROUND. Hampton Court Palace is a building whose beauty is enhanced by floodlighting which throws up its architectural detail. The Ministry of Works and the General Electric Co., Ltd., in association with the Three Towns Pageant Festival Committee (representing Kingston, Twickenham and Richmond), arranged for the Palace to be floodlit nightly during the pageant week, and it is now illuminated every Wednesday and Saturday. It is hard to say whether Wren's splendid East front, the Tudor West front or the gardens look the loveliest.



THE QUEEN IN S.E. LONDON: HER MAJESTY WATCHING BOYS AT PLAY—UNWARE OF THE ROYAL PRESENCE. On August 1 the Queen toured south-east London gardens, and presented a cup to co-winners of the London School Gardens Competition, organised by the Flower Lovers' Association. She also watched children at play in garden sandpits and took tea in a prefabricated house in Lewisham.



THE QUEEN: A NEW PORTRAIT BY COMMANDER DENIS FILDES, COMMISSIONED BY THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB. This new portrait of the Queen, for which she gave special sittings, is now on view at the Salisbury Arts and Crafts School. It will be placed in the United Service Club in October, where it will hang near portraits of Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra by the late Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., father of Commander Denis Fildes.

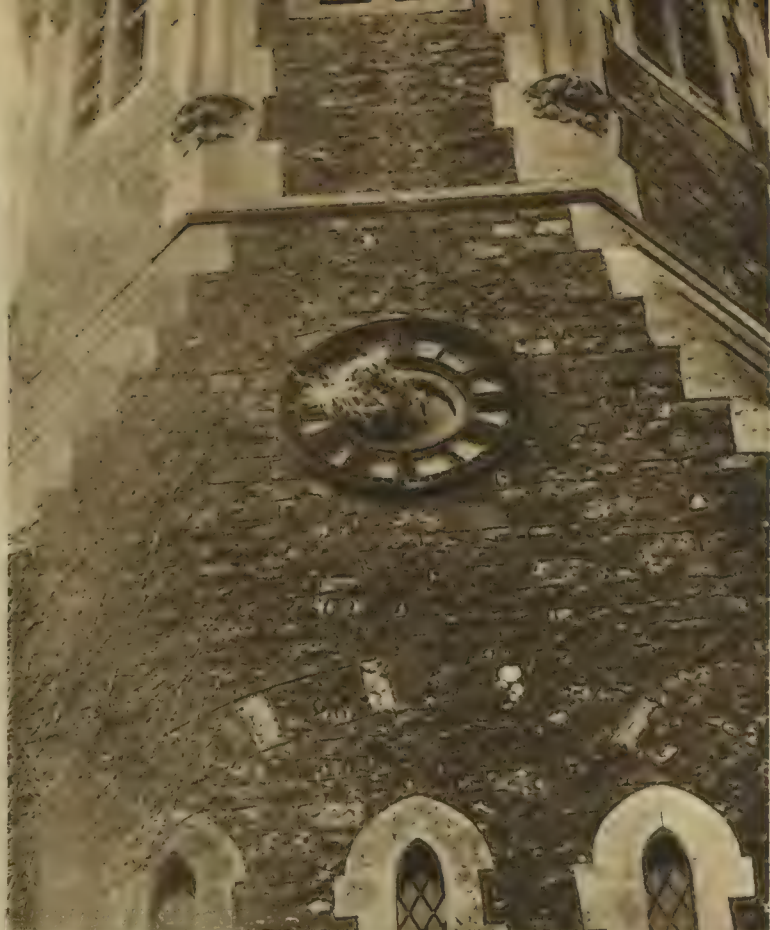


THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE ROYAL MARINES: H.R.H. SALUTING THE COLOUR. The Duke of Edinburgh, on behalf of the King, presented new Colours—the King's Colour and a Regimental Colour—to the Royal Marines at Plymouth on August 1. The old Colours, which were trooped for the last time, were the oldest Colours in service in the Corps, presented 55 years ago. They may be laid up in Gibraltar Cathedral.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: MILITARY MATTERS, AND A BIRD'S STRANGE NESTING-PLACE.



A SOLUTION OF ONE OF THE FRENCH ARMY'S SUPPLY PROBLEMS: "CONCENTRATED WINE," SEEN DILUTED WITH WATER (LEFT) AND IN A PLASTIC CONTAINER (CENTRE). French Army officials recently showed the Press a new method of supplying soldiers with wine. The wine is 60 per cent alcohol, concentrated six times, and is carried in plastic containers. It has to be diluted in water before being drunk—which presents the only problem.



A PAIR OF SPARROWS THAT HAVE SUCCEEDED IN MAKING TIME STAND STILL: THE BIRDS IN THEIR NEST ON THE CHURCH CLOCK-FACE AT PETT, NEAR HASTINGS, SUSSEX.



SOVEREIGN'S PARADE AT SANDHURST: GENERAL SIR JOHN CROCKER SEEN PRESENTING THE SWORD OF HONOUR TO SENIOR UNDER-OFFICER J. D. BASTICK OF ALDERSHOT.



THE PASSING-OUT PARADE AT THE R.M.A., SANDHURST: GENERAL SIR JOHN CROCKER CONGRATULATING JUNIOR UNDER-OFFICER J. D. C. BLAKE ON RECEIVING THE KING'S MEDAL. For the first time on a ceremonial occasion officer cadets wore their new No. 1 blue uniforms for Sovereign's Parade at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, on August 2. The sergeant-majors wore the original scarlet of the Guards. The parade was inspected by General Sir John Crocker, Adjutant-General to the Forces, who presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under-Officer J. D. Bastick, of Aldershot, and the King's Medal—given to the officer cadet passing out first in order of merit—to Junior Under-Officer J. D. C. Blake, of Colaton Raleigh, Devon.



RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED AT THE BELGIAN ARMY'S PROVING-GROUNDS: THE NEW '30 BELGIAN SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE, WHICH FIRES TEN CONSECUTIVE SHOTS.



A NEW BELGIAN WEAPON WHICH WAS RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED: THE '30 LIGHT MACHINE-GUN WHICH PERMITS THE USE OF AMERICAN AMMUNITION.

At the time of writing the Defence Ministers of Britain, France and Canada are in the United States to discuss the standardisation of the calibre of rifles used by Atlantic Pact nations. The new Belgian weapons shown above permit of the use of American ammunition.



CHANGING THE GUARD AT SPANDAU PRISON: THE AMERICAN GUARD STAND SMARTLY TO ATTENTION AS THE VACATING RUSSIAN GUARD LEAVE THE PRISON.

One of the few ceremonies in which the East and West take part together in Berlin is the changing of the guard at Spandau Prison, where Nazi war criminals are imprisoned. The four-Power guard responsibility is carried out in rotation, each Power providing a guard for a month.

LOST AND FOUND: POIGNANT SCENES AT LONDON'S FAMOUS DOGS' HOME AT BATTERSEA, WHERE THE STRAY IS SAVED FROM THE PERIL OF THE STREETS.



SIX HOPEFUL HEARTS AND A DOZEN PLEADING EYES: DOGS AT BATTERSEA PEER THROUGH THE FRONT OF THEIR ENCLOSURE TO SCAN THE FACES OF EVERY PASSER-BY, IF THEY ARE NOT CLAIMED THEY CAN BE SOLD TO A NEW OWNER AFTER SEVEN DAYS.



LOST AND FOUND: JUDY IS REUNITED WITH HER SMALL OWNERS, WHO ARE SIGNING THE BOOK BEFORE TAKING HER AWAY WITH THEM.

Almost within barking distance of the Festival of Britain Pleasure Gardens in Battersea Park is what is probably the most famous Dogs' Home in the world. The Dogs' Home, Battersea, was founded in 1860 by a Mrs. Tealby, and was originally situated in Holloway, but was moved in 1871 to its present home at 4, Battersea Park Road, London, S.W.8. In 1907 it was enlarged, and the



THE MAN WHO CAME FROM GERMANY: SERGEANT DOREY, OF THE U.S. ARMY MEDICAL CORPS, WHO LOST HIS OWN DOG AND MADE A SPECIAL JOURNEY TO BATTERSEA TO GET ANOTHER.

older portion practically rebuilt. The chief objects of the Association are to restore lost dogs to their owners; to give temporary food and shelter to the thousands of starving dogs cast homeless and friendless upon the streets of London and the immediate neighbourhood; to provide good homes for dogs at nominal charges, where they will be well and properly cared for; and to provide



"THE RICH MAN'S GUARDIAN AND THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND, THE ONLY CREATURE FAITHFUL TO THE END": DOGS AT BATTERSEA GAZING APPEALINGLY THROUGH THE KENNEL BARS IN THE HOPE OF FINDING THEIR OWNERS OR PERSUADING SOMEBODY TO GIVE THEM A NEW HOME.

a merciful and painless death for those that are old, injured, diseased or dangerous. Since the foundation of the Home over two million dogs have received food and shelter. Stray cats are also freely admitted and cared for. All the dogs are kept for seven clear days and if by then their owners have not been found they are sold for sums varying between 17s. 6d. and £3. During 1950

some 10,000 dogs were received from the police; of these 3,455 were restored to their owners, and 5,644 were found new homes. The cost of the food alone amounted to £2,530. As the Home is largely dependent on voluntary help, apart from the dogs it sells and the small restitution fees, it is grateful for donations to enable it to carry on its good work.

THE little child that I then was, used to be in bed before his parents sat down to dinner. It is still a matter of astonishment to me that on this night my mother should have announced that I might come down to the dessert stage of her dinner-party. Dessert in the form of fruit had no very strong appeal to me, because I got plenty of that. There was, however, a feature of dinner-parties which appealed to me very much, little silver trays round the table containing delicious sweets. Then there was the novelty and the excitement. I cannot recall the number of the guests, and only one name and face remain in my memory. A chair was inserted for me beside a handsome and charming major of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. He fed me from the silver trays until my mother's smile appeared anxious. I memorised his difficult name, Kekewich, and he long remained a hero in my eyes. I believe my father said something about his being "a coming man," but memory may have done some foreshortening there, and the phrase may belong to a later date.

Arthur Bryant made use here on July 28, with special reference to the Winston Churchill of those days, of the South African "War Impressions" of Mortimer Menpes. He also described the visit of Menpes to Kimberley immediately after the relief, where he found Cecil Rhodes "engaged in his private war not only against the Boers who had attacked his diamond town, but against the unfortunate representative and prototype of the British Army, who enjoyed the nominal and shared the real command of the besieged imperial outpost with him." These lines brought back to me with a rush that distant dinner-party; for the commander of the motley little garrison of Kimberley was Lieut.-Colonel R. G. Kekewich, who had recently made what seemed to me the grave mistake of transferring from the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers—our home regiment, already dear to me as a small boy, dearer than ever now—to the Loyal North Lancashire. Admittedly, the transfer had brought with it promotion to command, and Kekewich had no territorial connection with the Inniskillings; he was not even an Irishman. He had indeed an arduous task in all respects. A crushing load was lifted from his shoulders when French at his most brilliant—his orders were signed, "D. Haig, Major, D.A.A.G."—manœuvred his cavalry through, outwitted Ferreira and Cronje, and relieved the diamond town.

From October 14 or 15, 1899, to February 15, 1900, Kekewich defended Kimberley, a town of some 50,000 inhabitants, of whom 18,000 were whites, some 10,000 described as "raw savages" in the mines, and thousands of women and children of many races and shades of colour. These people were difficult to control, but, fortunately, it was not until late in the proceedings that a 94-pdr. "Long Tom" began bursting its great shells over the town. His garrison

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

KEKEWICH IN KIMBERLEY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

front, and the Boers could launch a formidable assault, though they rarely did so.

The initiative, in fact, came from Kekewich. He defended Kimberley by a series of field redoubts, in some cases as far as three miles from its central Town Hall. Yet he did not rely on passive defence. Patrols, reconnaissances in force, feints, and raids were the order of the day. The mounted troops were hard worked. He naturally displayed greatest activity when Lord Methuen, striving to relieve him, approached. Methuen did well at first, but he was checked sharply



FOUR LEADING DEFENDERS OF KIMBERLEY: COLONEL KEKEWICH (SEATED, LEFT), WITH CAPTAIN O'MEARA (INTELLIGENCE OFFICER), MAJOR SCOTT TURNER (WHO WAS KILLED IN ACTION) AND LIEUT. MACINNES (STAFF OFFICER).

A recent article in this paper by Dr. Arthur Bryant, in which he described the visit of Mortimer Menpes to Kimberley immediately after the relief, has revived memories for Captain Falls of his meeting, as a child at his mother's dinner-table, with Major Kekewich, who was later destined to defend Kimberley from October 14 or 15, 1899, to February 15, 1900. In his article, Captain Falls discusses the career of Colonel Kekewich who, after the memorable dinner-party, "long remained a hero in my eyes."

at Magersfontein, and Kekewich had to fight on. "In the lives of many men," writes the official historian of the campaign, Sir Frederick Maurice, "occurs an opportunity for distinction, but the majority fail to grasp it. It was not so with Lieut.-Colonel Kekewich." I must add with some sadness that, though his work was recognised by the few who knew it, he never attained the fame of the defenders of the other two besieged towns, White at Ladysmith and Baden-Powell at Mafeking. This was because Cecil Rhodes was in Kimberley. Rhodes in himself was the civil power; he aspired to being the military power also; to the greater part of Britain he was Kimberley. Had Kekewich been merely the strong soldier of convention, there would have been a disastrous fracas, but he possessed valuable political insight. His relations with the would-be dictator were bad enough, but the worst was avoided.

Let the writer of the biography of Kekewich in the "D.N.B." set forth his impression, perhaps a little biased, as the impressions of biographers often are, but vivid and essentially true. "The masterly dispositions of the small and almost entirely improvised forces under his command marked him as a soldier of extraordinary acumen. The extremely difficult nature of the area besieged demanded far more than average skill for its defence, and his conduct of it elicited admiration and commendation in the highest terms from the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, and from Lord Kitchener. Colonel Kekewich's task, a heavy responsibility under any conditions, was made far more exacting by the presence in the town of Cecil Rhodes and his co-directors of the De Beers Company, whose outlook seemed to be affected by personal considerations, with little regard for the actual military situation. The ready tact of the commander, however, and his steady devotion to duty, reduced the dangerous possibilities of the situation to a minimum; and though his subsequent career was prejudiced by the influence of Rhodes, yet his reputation as a brilliant soldier suffered nothing." Kekewich obtained command of a column, the aim of every enterprising soldier of his seniority, at the end of 1901. He was promoted to the rank of Major-General immediately after the war. And a Major-General he died, aged sixty, shortly after the outbreak of the First World War.

Now that is all one-sided. I do not think it can be doubted that the great spirit, the terrific energy, and the immense prestige of Rhodes represented a powerful asset in the defence of Kimberley. Methuen might warn Kekewich that Rhodes must be made to understand that he possessed no more power than anyone else in Kimberley in military matters, but from the practical point of view this could never be so. It

was part of the greatness of this very great man, but also an element in his malefic side, that he refused to yield precedence to any circumstance or to any human being, even when that human being was performing skilfully a task of which he himself knew nothing. He held that not enough was being done, inside or without, to save Kimberley and its diamonds. Inside, all was done of which

resources admitted, short of breaking the small and fragile weapon in the hand of Kekewich, and that he would not countenance. Without, thought some, more was being done than the importance of Kimberley would have warranted, had not Cecil Rhodes been shut up in it.

Kimberley possessed importance from the very nature of its products. Militarily, also, Roberts set its value high. He stated after the war that if it had fallen, Mafeking would have shared its fate. Communism and even socialism might, however, in my opinion, derive some propaganda from the immense influence of Kimberley on every plan. It could never be lost sight of. Its name must have haunted first Buller and then Roberts. The main reason was Rhodes and all that he stood for. The British public was immensely proud of both. The splendid Victorian spirit, confident and dauntless but simple almost to the point of childishness, was still alive. The last Victorians admired Rhodes not only as a great empire-builder but also as a man who had made millions. They would not hear of a disaster to him and his mines. Though I was born under Victoria, I belong to a rather less robust age. I have nothing against the De Beers Company, but the notion that Magersfontein may have been fought in the slightest degree in its interests causes me at least to raise my eyebrows.

White is fairly well remembered because he saw a great deal of distinguished service and wore the ribbon of the Victoria Cross. Baden-Powell is universally remembered, not only by reason of Mafeking, but still more because he founded the Boy Scouts and lived to a ripe old age. Few except veteran soldiers or military students know the name of Kekewich. I have no idea whether Kekewich would have proved a great soldier if he had had the chance, which the defence of Kimberley did not afford, any more than his other service. He was, however, one of those useful men who have the technical knowledge of their time at their fingers' ends. Beyond this, he possessed the gift of personality, not always accorded to the educated soldiers in this category.

My mind returns again to that dinner-party. By concentrating, I believe I can remember where Major Kekewich sat, at a corner of the table; he must have been on my mother's left. Of all the soldiers whom I saw in those days, and they were many, none but he made any impression upon me until I was a good deal older. I do not think that I was far wrong in my childish estimate of him, and I imagine that the easy poise which I half-consciously realised helped to keep some scared folk on their



THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY: WOMEN AND CHILDREN SEEKING SHELTER IN MR. CECIL RHODES'S CAVES IN THE DE BEERS MINE DURING THE LAST DAYS OF THE 100-LB. SHELLS.

When a shell was coming, the man in the conning-tower in the centre of the town sounded a trumpet, and the police of the city immediately blew whistles, as a signal for the people to seek safety in the caves.

From a sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers.

consisted of about half a battalion of his own regiment, detachments of R.G.A., R.E., A.S.C. and R.A.M.C. in company strength, Cape Police, volunteers who numbered over 2000 by the end of the siege, and certain others. The police were fit, disciplined men, but untrained in war; the volunteers were novices. He had fourteen light field guns, with a slender ammunition supply. His situation as regards rifles and small-arms ammunition was no better. This limited the number of men he could arm. Lee-Metfords would not go round, so first the old Martinis and then the obsolete Sniders in the place were brought into use. He was lucky in that the Boers put their hopes on hunger and bombardment and that the bombardment did not amount to much. It is doubtful whether he could have held a determined thrust on a narrow



THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY: GENERAL FRENCH'S MEETING WITH MR. CECIL RHODES AT THE SANATORIUM HOTEL, KIMBERLEY, ON THE EVENING OF THE RELIEF.

From a sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers.

The illustrations on this page are reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of March 24 and 31, 1900.

balance at Kimberley not long afterwards. He was forty-five when his testing-time came. It lasted precisely four months and brought him a certain reward, but otherwise it led nowhere, and little more was heard of him. I do not know whether or not he was disappointed or felt that he might have been better used. Whether or not this was the case, I like to feel to-day, now that my memories have been sharpened by Arthur Bryant's allusion to Rhodes in Kimberley, that Kekewich accomplished there something worth while, something which in itself justified the hopes founded upon his promise by friends such as my father. His career fell short of what some of these expected it to be in one sense. In another it did not, because when there was found to be need for the gifts which they thought they could see in him, those gifts were in fact found to be there.

IN KOREA: THE FIRST COMMONWEALTH DIVISION; AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



EXAMINING A GAPING HOLE IN THE WING OF HIS AIRCRAFT AFTER COMMUNIST ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE HAD FORCED HIM TO LAND: COMMANDER A. L. MALTBY, U.S.N., WHO OPERATES FROM THE CARRIER *PRINCETON*.



THE FORMATION OF THE 1ST BRITISH COMMONWEALTH DIVISION: MAJOR-GENERAL A. J. H. CASSELS, COMMANDING THE DIVISION (LEFT), WITH LIEUT.-GENERAL VAN FLEET AND LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HORACE ROBERTSON.



SMOKING A CIGARETTE IN HIS NOW FAMOUS HOLDER: GENERAL NAM IL, THE CHIEF NORTH KOREAN ENVOY, ARRIVING FOR A MEETING OF THE KAESONG ARMISTICE CONFERENCE.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE 1ST BRITISH COMMONWEALTH DIVISION IN KOREA: A VIEW OF THE CEREMONY WHEN 20,000 TROOPS OF BRITAIN AND THE DOMINIONS OF CANADA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND AND THE REPUBLIC OF INDIA WERE FOR THE FIRST TIME ORGANISED AS A SINGLE DIVISIONAL UNIT.



REPRESENTING THE FIVE NATIONS OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH NOW FIGHTING AS A DIVISION IN KOREA: (LEFT TO RIGHT) FIGHTING MEN OF ENGLAND, CANADA, INDIA, NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA.

RECENTLY the main news from Korea has been concerned with the armistice negotiations at Kaesong, but the war still goes on, as our photograph of Commander A. L. Maltby, U.S.N., and his damaged aircraft shows. The Commander's aircraft was hit by Communist anti-aircraft fire while he was leading his squadron, which operates from the U.S. carrier *Princeton*, and he was fortunate in being able to make a forced landing and escape with facial cuts. On July 28 the 20,000 troops of five nations of the British Commonwealth in Korea were organised into one new Division—the 1st British Commonwealth Division—under the command of Major-General A. J. H. Cassels. The ceremony took place near the hill where the Gloucesters made their gallant stand on the west front a few months ago. Lieut.-General Sir Horace Robertson, British Commonwealth Force Commander in Japan, and Lieut.-General J. A. Van Fleet, commanding the U.S. Eighth Army, were present. Buglers of The King's Shropshire Light Infantry sounded the general salute and the flags of the five nations were broken. Pipers of The Royal Ulster Rifles playing "The Flowers of the Forest" opened the proceedings.



THE BACKGROUND TO THE NEWS "KOREA DEADLOCK UNBROKEN": A VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS (IN FOREGROUND) OUTSIDE KAESONG WHERE THE ARMISTICE CONFERENCE HAS BEEN IN SESSION TRYING TO REACH AGREEMENT ON THE PROPOSED "BUFFER ZONE."



ONE OF THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC SPECTACLES IN EDINBURGH, A CITY AGAIN TO PLAY HOSTESS TO THE WORLD DURING HER ANNUAL FESTIVAL: PARLIAMENT HALL, WHILE THE COURT IS IN SESSION.

Edinburgh, Scottish capital and one of the fairest of the world's cities, is again preparing to act as hostess to the world during her International Festival of Music and Drama, fifth of the series, from August 19 to September 8. Our Artist has just visited Edinburgh, and this drawing of Parliament Hall, as it appears while the Court is in session, with advocates (Scottish equivalent of

barristers) in wig and gown pacing the Hall, awaiting the Macer's summons, will serve as an introduction to the Festival. In subsequent issues it will be fully illustrated by other drawings and photographs. Parliament Hall stands in one of the most historic parts of the city. Built between 1633-40 by the Town Council to accommodate the Courts of Justice and the Sessions of Parliament, it was

used by the Scottish Parliament until the union in 1707, after which it was reserved by the Court of Session, supreme judicature in Scotland. It belongs to the town, and though a municipal building, is rarely used for civic purposes, though it was formerly regarded as the Town Hall. In 1810 a Grecian facade and arcade were erected in place of the original Gothic. The window at the south

end is filled with stained glass designed by Wilhelm von Kaulbach and executed by Chevallier Altmüller, of Munich. It represents the institution of the Court of Session by James V. in 1532. In our drawing, the Macer is shown in his seat in front of the window. In former times his summons were made less formally from the window on the left, high up in the wall.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



KING CHARLES AND HIS BRIDE RECEIVE PRESENTS FROM THE COURTIER: A SCENE FROM CANTERBURY'S FESTIVAL PAGEANT, "THE ENDURING STONES."

ON July 30 the Duchess of Kent visited Canterbury, where she opened the Larder Gate building of the King's School, in the precincts of Canterbury Cathedral. The archway and part of the fifteenth-century monastic kitchens of the time of Prior Chillenden have been cleverly incorporated in the new building, which will be devoted to music and art. The building has been made possible by gifts of more than £7000 from the people of Australia, where the sister school, King's School, Parramatta, near Sydney, was built by Bishop W. G. Broughton, an old King's scholar. After inspecting the building, the Duchess of Kent had luncheon in the school dining-hall, and later visited Canterbury Festival Exhibition before going on to St. Augustine's Abbey, where she saw the first performance of "The Enduring Stones," the City's Festival pageant, based on the history of the Abbey.



THE FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: ST. AUGUSTINE SEEN BLESSING KING ETHELBERT AND HIS QUEEN IN A SCENE FROM THE CANTERBURY FESTIVAL PAGEANT.



A ROYAL VISIT TO CANTERBURY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE AS H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT OPENED THE LARDER GATE BUILDING OF THE KING'S SCHOOL.



THE FULL-DRESS REHEARSAL OF THE CANTERBURY PAGEANT, WHICH IS BASED ON THE HISTORY OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S ABBEY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE.



GREETING THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON HER ARRIVAL ON JULY 30 FOR A VISIT WHICH COINCIDED WITH THE SCHOOL'S ANNUAL SPEECH DAY: BOYS OF THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY.

AT CANTERBURY: THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S VISIT TO THE KING'S SCHOOL; AND THE CITY'S FESTIVAL PAGEANT.

PERSONALITIES
OF THE WEEK.



THE HON. MRS. T. A. EMMET.
Recently appointed Chairman of the Conservative National Advisory Committee. Educated at St. Margaret's School, Bushey; Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and the London School of Economics, she was L.C.C. Member for North Hackney, 1924-33. In addition to other work she holds several Home Office appointments.



TO COMPETE IN THE "DAILY MAIL" CROSS-CHANNEL RACE ON AUGUST 13: CHAMPION SWIMMERS AND THEIR TRAINER.
Our group of champion swimmers due to compete in the *Daily Mail* International Cross-Channel Race on August 13, shows the trainer, Sam Rockett, and (l. to r.) Enriqueta Duarte, A. Abertondo (Argentina); R. Morand, R. Le Morvan, L. Bombard (France); Winnie Roach (Canada); J. Zirganos (Greece); H. El Rehim, A. El Arabi, M. Hamad (Egypt); D. Carpio (Peru); Sally Bauer, L. Warle (Sweden); Brenda Fisher, C. Chapman, Eileen Fenton, W. Barnie, Jennie James (Great Britain); J. van Hemsbergen (Holland); Jenny Kammersgaard (Denmark).

PEOPLE IN THE
PUBLIC EYE.



SIR NORMAN BROOK.
To be transferred in November to the Treasury as a Second Secretary. Sir Norman Brook, who is forty-nine and has been Secretary to the Cabinet since 1947, will carry out the duties at present falling to Sir Edwin Plowden, the chief planning officer, who is leaving the public service at the end of this year.



THIS COUNTRY'S FIRST VICTORY IN A WOMEN'S TEST MATCH V. AUSTRALIA SINCE 1937: THE WINNING ENGLAND TEAM.

The England Women's Cricket Team beat the Australian Women at the Oval in the third Test Match of the season, thus ending the series in a draw. Our group shows (l. to r., seated) C. Robinson, M. MacLagan, Molly Hide (captain), M. Duggan and G. Morgan; and (standing) M. Johnson, J. Cummins, S. Spry, D. McEvoy, B. Murrey, B. Birch and H. Sanders. M. Duggan, bowling left-hand at a brisk pace, dismissed the first five Australians for five and was given the ball by the England captain.



THE WOMEN'S TEST MATCHES END IN A DRAW: THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM, WHICH WON ONE TEST, LOST ONE, AND LEFT THE OTHER DRAWN.

The first Test Match in the England v. Australia Women's series at Scarborough was drawn, the Australians won at Worcester by two wickets, and England won the final match at the Oval by 137 runs. Our group of the Australians shows (l. to r., seated) C. Phillips, A. Hudson, M. Dive (captain), U. Paisley and J. James; and (standing) V. Batty, L. Larter, N. Whiteman, A. Allitt, B. Wilson, M. Jones and J. Schmidt. The third Test was illustrated in our last issue.



ADMIRAL W. M. FECHTELER.
Nominated as U.S. Chief of Naval Operations in succession to the late Admiral Sherman. Admiral Fechteler, who is fifty-five, had been prominently mentioned for appointment to the new rôle of Supreme Allied Commander in the Atlantic. He has been Commander of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet since February, 1950.



ADMIRAL MCCORMICK.
Nominated to succeed Admiral Fechteler as Commander of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet. He has been serving as acting Chief of Naval Operations since Admiral Sherman's death in Naples. At the time of writing it is thought that Admiral McCormick will be appointed Supreme Allied Commander in the Atlantic.



MR. RICHARD STOKES.
Mr. Stokes, the Lord Privy Seal, left London Airport for Teheran on August 3, at the head of a mission which was to attempt to negotiate a settlement of the dispute which brought the great Anglo-Iranian oil undertaking to a standstill. Mr. Stokes went direct to Teheran instead of breaking his journey at Abadan.



ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES MORGAN.
Died on August 1, aged sixty-two. A distinguished navigator, he commanded the battleship *Valiant* at the Battle of Matapan, and in other operations in the Mediterranean in 1940-41. After further notable service ashore and afloat, he was Deputy Chief of Naval Personnel and Admiral Commanding Reserves, 1945-47.



ADMIRAL SIR MAX HORTON.
Died on July 30, aged sixty-seven. He was C-in-C, Western Approaches, from 1942 to 1945. In World War I, when commanding the submarine *E.9*, he was one of our most formidable submarine officers. For over two years at the beginning of World War II he was in administrative command of Britain's submarines.



WINNER OF THE FIRTH-VICKERS TROPHY IN THE BRITISH GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIP AT GREAT HUCKLOW: MR. GEOFFREY STEPHENSON IN HIS AIRCRAFT, WITH HIS WIFE.
Mr. Geoffrey Stephenson was second in the British Individual Gliding Championship, which ended on July 29, with a score of 873. He won the Firth-Vickers Trophy for the best performance by a British pilot in a British-designed and built sailplane. The Eon Cup, for the team winning most marks in a British glider was won by the London Gliding Club team.



BEFORE LEAVING FOR AUSTRALIA ON JULY 31: THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND THE HON. LADY LOWSON, WITH THEIR CHILDREN MELANIE AND IAN, WHO SAW THEM OFF.
The Lord Mayor of London and Lady Lowson left London by air on July 31 for Australia, and will later visit New Zealand, Canada and the United States. They are accompanied by Mr. W. T. Boston, the Swordbearer and First Esquire, and the two Sheriffs.



WINNER OF THE LONDONDERRY CUP FOR THE INDIVIDUAL BRITISH GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIP: FLT. LT. R. G. FORBES IN THE COCKPIT OF HIS AIRCRAFT, WITH HIS SON.
The result of the Individual British Gliding Championship at Great Hucklow, Derbyshire, was announced on August 1. The judges reached their decision after examining a small photograph taken by Flt. Lt. Forbes as he flew over Flamborough Head Lighthouse, evidence that he had earned extra marks by a flight from Great Hucklow to Flamborough, giving him the winning score of 877.

ELEGANCE OF OTHER DAYS: FROM A FESTIVAL DISPLAY.



EVENING DRESS, 1862: PINK SILK MUSLIN WITH PINK AND WHITE STRIPES, TRIMMED WITH WHITE RIBBON, LACE AND NET, AND WORN WITH WHITE KID GLOVES.



DAY DRESS, 1857-58, OF BLUE-GREY WATERED SILK, WITH WIDE OPEN SLEEVES, FRINGED BODICE AND SLEEVES.



DAY DRESS, 1864-66, OF PURPLE WOOL, ORNAMENTED WITH BLACK VELVET AND STITCHING; AND A GREY CLOTH JACKET (PALETOT) TRIMMED WITH BLACK VELVET.



DAY DRESS, 1837: FINE WOOL AND SILK (CHALLIS) PRINTED IN REDS, GREEN, YELLOW AND BLACK, WORN WITH A DARK-BLUE SATIN BONNET, WITH FIGURED RIBBON AND FEATHER.



PARASOLS, 1840-70: BY 1840, PARASOLS HAD BECOME SMALL, AND FRINGED COVERS AND FOLDING HANDLES WERE HIGHLY FASHIONABLE.



DAY DRESS, 1853-55, OF CHECKERED WHITE MUSLIN PRINTED IN PURPLE AND MAUVE, WORN WITH A CHIP BONNET WITH BLUE FLOWERS AND PURPLE RIBBON.

GREAT-GRANDMAMMA'S DRESS: A VICTORIAN FASHION SHOW.



DAY DRESS, 1867-68: OF GREY CORDED SILK WITH BEAD TRIMMINGS. THE APPLIED ORNAMENT MAKES A CLEAR-CUT PATTERN ON THE PLAIN MATERIAL.



SILK EVENING DRESS 1838-43, OF FIGURED CREAM SILK WITH BROCADED PATTERN, PIPED AND TRIMMED WITH PINK SILK.



DAY DRESS OF MAUVE SILK, 1862-64: WORN WITH A BONNET AND A CHANTILLY LACE SHAWL, FOR WHICH THE WIDE SKIRT MAKES A PERFECT BACKGROUND.

The history of costume is fascinating, for not only does it record changing ideals of beauty, but it reflects the manners and mental outlook of succeeding ages. In particular, women's dress illustrates the progress of feminine emancipation and women's escape from restricting rules of conduct, and from hampering, inconvenient fashions which were incompatible with an active life. The Gallery of English Costume, Platt Hall, Manchester, is one of the

museums where the history of English costume may be exhaustively studied. In connection with the Festival of Britain, a special large-scale exhibition of English costume, 1750-1950, has been organised in the Gallery. It opened on May 10, and will continue until September 30; and is a remarkable display, with exhibits drawn from the Gallery's own collection, supplemented by recent gifts and important loans. On these pages we reproduce photographs of

[Continued opposite.]

UNDERWEAR OF 1835-70 ;
AND SMART ACCESSORIES.



GLOVES, 1860-70, OF WHITE KID WITH BROWN STITCHING, LACED WITH CREAM SILK CORD; AND A PURSE OF METAL THREAD AND PINK SILK KNOTTED WITH STEEL BEADS.



WEDDING BOOTS OF 1865 OF WHITE SATIN, LACED AT THE SIDE; THE STOCKINGS ARE OF WHITE SILK, WITH COTTON TOPS, AND ARE SHAPED TO THE LEG.



CARRIED OUT IN WHITE BEADS AND GREY SILK: DETAIL OF THE TRIMMING OF THE DAY DRESS OF CORDED GREY SILK (1867-8) ILLUSTRATED ON OUR FACING PAGE.



CHEMISE, DATED 1857, OF WHITE LINEN, WITH A FLAP FRONT INTENDED TO FALL OVER THE CORSET. THE ONLY ADORNMENT IS A SMALL FRILL.



PETTICOAT, 1850-70, OF WHITE COTTON WITH OPENWORK EMBROIDERY, WORN OVER A CRINOLINE FRAME. BEFORE 1870 ORNAMENT ON UNDERWEAR WAS VERY RESTRAINED.



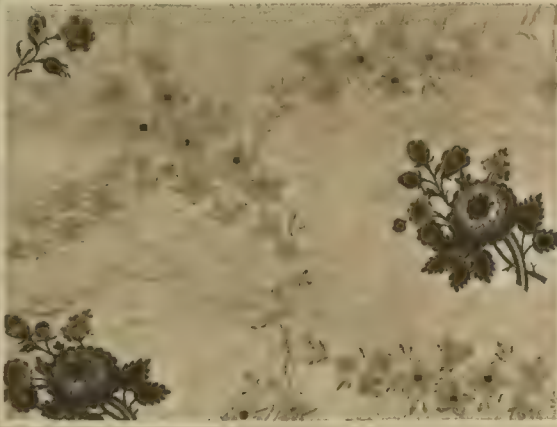
UNDERWEAR, 1860-70: A NIGHTCAP OF CHECKERED MUSLIN, A WHITE COTTON CHEMISE, CORSETS OF SCARLET PADDED COTTON, DRAWERS AND A CRINOLINE FRAME.



BODICE CONSTRUCTION OF AN EVENING DRESS, 1841-43, WITH SILK-COVERED "BUST-IMPROVERS" SET NEAR ARMPIT AND DRESS-PRESERVERS OF WHITE KID.



SHOES, 1835-50, OF DARK-BLUE SATIN FIGURED IN WHITE, STOCKINGS OF CREAM SILK, THE LOWER HALF EMBROIDERED. SHOES WERE HEELLESS AT THIS PERIOD.



DETAIL OF THE FIGURED CREAM SILK, WITH BROCADED PATTERN IN REDS, GREENS, YELLOW AND BROWN, FROM WHICH THE EVENING DRESS (1838-43), ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE, IS MADE.



PETTICOAT, 1840-55, OF CREAM HORSEHAIR (CRINOLINE), THE BASIS OF THE PETTICOATS SUPPORTING THE SKIRT BEFORE THE INTRODUCTION OF THE CRINOLINE FRAME.

Continued.
costumes, underwear and accessories from the Museum. They are reproduced from "Picture Book No. IV., Women's Costume, 1835-1870," published for the Art Galleries Committee of the Corporation of Manchester. In her introduction to the booklet Miss Anne M. Buck, Keeper of the Gallery of English Costume, points out that this age was one of prosperity and stability combined with distress and unrest—the era reflected in the "Pickwick Papers,"

"Oliver Twist," the Barchester novels of Trollope, Disraeli's "Sybil" and George Eliot's "Adam Bede," which saw the development of railway travel, and the more modest newcomers, photography and the sewing-machine. Modern women, born to the age of nylon, will find much to wonder at in the underwear of their great-grandmothers, and will be surprised at the elderly effect of fashions worn by young girls in the Victorian period.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A LIMPET'S TOUCH-MEMORY?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE story of the homing of limpets is simple and familiar. When the tide is out the limpet clings tight to the surface of a rock or sea-wall. When the tide comes in it leaves its place of attachment and wanders off in search of food, the fine growths of grass-like seaweeds that coat the rocks in patches. By the time the sea has ebbed the limpet is back in its place once again, in the exact position it was in before. As I say, it is a simple enough story, and there is, on the face of it, nothing unusual about it, until you come to ponder it. C. M. Yonge, in "The Sea Shore," puts it thus: "Limpets possess an undoubted 'homing instinct.' The exact nature of this has so far defied analysis; it does not seem to reside within the restricted powers of sight, smell or touch." In other words, there is an unsolved mystery, and when there is an unsolved mystery the temptation to try to solve it is irresistible.

No doubt Professor Yonge has seen, as I have, a limpet in an aquarium wandering about, browsing on the fine algæ, and returning "home" when replete. He has no doubt seen, as I have, the traces on the surface of the rock where limpets have been browsing. He has probably removed limpets after marking them, to see whether, and if so under what manner of circumstances, they will find their way home. My results from such experiments have shown a high percentage of failures, which need not concern us here. The point I wish to make is that two of us, presumably, have approximately the same experience and observations to draw upon, but our conclusions are markedly different, for, as I will attempt to show, it seems to me that the sense of touch only can account for the homing.

If a problem has "so far defied analysis," then the most we can do is to bring together a limited number of facts, formulate a theory on the basis of these facts, and see what other facts can be adduced to test that theory. Before doing this, it will help to try to visualise what a limpet is faced with in its journey to its feeding-grounds and back. The best comparison I can offer is to suppose a man crawling on all fours, covered with a large tin bath, the rim of which is about 6 ins. from the ground, and having his eyes bandaged with a strip of muslin, to restrict his vision but not blind him. Now, with these handicaps let him travel 30 ft. in any direction and find his way back to the exact spot from which he started. There is only one way he can hope to do this, and when we have found out what this way is we may have probed the secret of the homing instinct of the limpet.

The first fact is that limpets do travel from their resting-place—their "home"—to the feeding-grounds, and back. I have myself kept them under observation over distances of 2 ft., taking nearly three hours on the journey. It is possible, however, to see limpets at "home" with the nearest available food a greater distance away. If we try a conservative estimate, we may take an average limpet as 2 ins. across. Assume that it must travel a foot to the nearest food; six times its own length, or the equivalent of 30 ft. or so for a man crawling. The next fact is that an animal's only contact with the world around is through its senses. In ordinary speech we refer to sense-organs; in zoological parlance sensory receptors is used, for reasons that need not be discussed here. For our purpose sense-organs will suffice. The third fact is that the limpet has eyes, of a sort. It also has a pair of tentacles, which are presumably organs of touch and perhaps of smell. It does not appear to have a sense of hearing, though it is doubtless sensitive to vibrations, possibly through its skin. And it almost certainly has a sense of taste, perhaps in the tentacles as well as the mouth.

We start then with three facts, and a few reasonably sound speculations concerning its

sense-organs. In homing we may rule out taste and hearing, even "hearing" that consists of vibration-reception. Sight is very limited—"restricted," according

to Professor Yonge. The eyes are simply pigmented pits and, we may reasonably assume, by comparison with what is known, that simple eye-structures of this sort, probably at best, register differences in the intensity of light only. We are left then with a possible

sense of smell, of doubtful acuteness in any case, and a sense of touch, which can be tested, and about which we can be much more definite.

The sense of touch is distributed throughout the skin, noticeably in the tentacles and also markedly in the fleshy foot. This much we can test for ourselves by watching the reaction of the various parts when touched by, say, a pointed match-stick. In fact, one gets the impression that a limpet's main contact with the outer world is precisely through its sense of touch. And unless we are to postulate a mysterious sixth sense, or a combination of senses that seems unlikely, we must suppose a fine sense of touch resident in the muscular foot, which must play a major part in any movement, and especially in homing. If so, then it must be based on a familiarity with the minute, almost microscopic contours of that part of the rock-surface adjacent to "home." From this we must assume that homing depends upon a nice delicacy of touch coupled, presumably, with a touch-memory of the precise pattern of the rock-surface.

So much for the theory. What now can we adduce to support such a theory? To return to the blind-folded, crawling man under the bath. He can crawl 30 ft. and return to the spot from which he started only if he can remember by touch the contours and features of the route along which he travels outwards. The next corroborative evidence can be drawn from the behaviour of bees. A honey-bee can travel 2 miles away from the hive and return to it by the

aid of a memory of landmarks, a visual-memory. But it can do this only by a probationary period, as a young bee, of reconnoitring flights, during which it at first keeps within sight of the hive, gradually extending the range of these flights as time proceeds. Substitute for a visual-memory in bees, a touch-memory in limpets, and there is nothing very unreasonable in our theory.

On returning from feeding, the limpet comes back to precisely the same spot, but in settling down, and before lowering its shell that fraction of an inch, it rotates slowly, so that when the edge of the shell touches down it does so precisely where it did so last time, and every time before that. In fact, the edge of the shell fits perfectly every minute contour of the rock—by deliberate movement and orientation on the part of the animal inside. The action itself is simple enough, and the story of it has been told often. Yet there is a nicety of judgment involved which can only result from an acuteness of touch-perception greater than we normally suspect in an animal of this lowly organisation.

It is possible on any visit to a rocky shore, as the tide is going out, to find one or more limpets returning late from the feast and to watch their progress. A speed of 6 ins. in a quarter of an hour is fair going, and all the time the limpet is rotating slightly on its axis, the edge of the foot in a state of gentle movement, as if feeling its way. There is the appearance of "feeling," and we can probably rule out the use of sight entirely, as often the limpet, when it starts back, is separated by ridges in the rock of such proportions that, even if its eyes were in the apex of its shell, it could not see its destination. Arrived at its "home," it may take a quarter of an hour before settling down, slowly gyrating on its axis, with the appearance all the time of feeling with its foot. Then, suddenly, the shell is lowered to make a perfect fit with the surface of the rock.



A ROCK-SURFACE DENuded OF ITS SEAWEED BY LIMPETS: THE BARE ROCK REPRESENTS THE BROWSING AREA WHERE THE SEAWEEDS HAVE BEEN EATEN IN THE EARLY STAGES, WHEREAS THOSE BORDERING THE AREA HAVE DEVELOPED A LUXURIANT GROWTH.



SHOWING THE CONSPICUOUS MUSCULAR FOOT USED IN LOCOMOTION: THE UNDERSIDE OF A COMMON LIMPET, WHOSE SENSE-ORGANS ARE COMPARATIVELY LIMITED AND INCLUDE VERY SIMPLE EYES (NOT SEEN IN PHOTOGRAPH) AND FLESHY TENTACLES ON EACH SIDE OF THE MOUTH. The foot is extensible and though the shell may be raised occasionally high above the rock-surface, it is normally carried with the lower edge about a quarter of an inch off the ground. This indicates that the eyes, which may be found as simple pits lined with pigment at the base of the tentacles, have little to do with direction-finding or "homing."

Photograph by Neave Parker.



A RAILWAY DISASTER IN WHICH NINE DIED : AN AIR VIEW OF THE SCENE AT FORD STATION NEAR ARUNDEL AFTER THE COLLISION ON AUGUST 5 BETWEEN AN EXCURSION TRAIN AND A STATIONARY TRAIN.

A serious railway accident took place on August 5, when the 11.17 a.m. excursion train from Brighton to Portsmouth for Navy Week crashed into the rear of a stationary train at Ford Station, near Arundel, at noon. The first coach of the excursion lifted the rear coach of the stationary train off its wheels and ploughed into it. Eight compartments of this first coach of the excursion train were wrecked and thrown across the level-crossing (the gates are to be seen). Many people were trapped, and eight persons, including four children, killed at the time of the impact. Some fifty were injured, and another passenger died in hospital,

while at the time of writing three others are dangerously ill. The rear part of the standing train was practically empty, as many passengers had alighted. Our photograph shows the whole of the stationary train, but only the wrecked first coach of the excursion. The signal-box is visible on the right-hand bottom corner. Rescue work was carried out rapidly, and within an hour all the injured had been extricated and were on their way to hospital. The inquest was provisionally arranged for August 8 at Littlehampton, and the Ministry of Transport will hold an enquiry. Officials have visited the scene to collect evidence.

The World of the Cinema.

SNOW-WHITE IN WONDERLAND.

By ALAN DENT.

FOR Walt Disney's notion of Alice is indistinguishable from his Snow-White except that her eyes are bluer and even more goo-goo! No one, big or small, accustomed to films, will be surprised—much less outraged—that the screen "Alice in Wonderland" omits many endeared episodes and characters, alters the whole order of events, adds more or less Carrollian inventions of Disney's own, and generally and prevailingly achieves the atmosphere of a nightmare as distinct from a daydream. These things were to be expected.

But surely it was not unreasonable to hope that Disney would not try to improve on Tenniel's familiar Alice, who is demure and disdainful rather than pretty-pretty? With the Disney damsel—indistinguishable, as I began by saying, from every other Disney damsel who is supposed to be human among animal or fantastic creatures—we have the horrid fear all the time that "row-mance" is round the corner and that among the new inventions a Prince of Hearts (Alice's male counterpart in ideal good-looks) will emerge to woo and win this simpering, eyelid-conscious nymph and conclude the film with a grandiose wedding-party to which each and every other creature is invited. This ghastly temptation is resisted, but we cannot help feeling that it has existed away at the back of the American cartoonist's mind and that it has been resisted with some difficulty.

The Alice herself is certainly Disney's most notable failure. With other characters he has no less notably succeeded, because he has resolutely forborne any attempt to improve upon the unimprovable Tenniel—characters like the contradictory Caterpillar, the Cheshire Cat (though the Grin is more convincing than the Cat), the White Rabbit, the Queen of Hearts, and Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The last two are made to sound like two Lancashire comedians. But there is no great harm in that, just as there is no great harm in the fact that the King of Hearts looks quite startlingly like our own Mr. Lupino Lane in "Me and My Girl."

It seems very odd, by the way, that Disney should not have drawn the Jabberwock. One can

qualification that each slice has its own pair of legs! They make the best, because the most Carrollian, of Disney's contributions to this fantasia. The second-best is a little signboard which Alice encounters by the



"THE SOUND OF FURY" (LONDON PAVILION): JUDY TYLER (KATHLEEN RYAN) COMFORTS HER HUSBAND, HOWARD (FRANK LOVEJOY), WHEN HE TELLS HER THAT THEY'VE NEARLY SPENT THEIR SAVINGS AND THAT HE CAN'T GET WORK.

life of their own. And as a result of this over-exuberance the film raucously exhausts us in exactly those scenes where it should most divert and enchant.

In extreme contrast, another film with the Walt Disney label, "Beaver Valley," is shown alongside (at least, it finds itself there in the present programme at the Leicester Square Theatre). This is a remarkable and a beautiful thing. It is a nature picture in colour—a close-up study of life in the raw, with no human element whatsoever. The scene, I gather, is in Montana, a sequestered valley where wild life abounds largely owing to the artificial conservation of water by beavers. (Query: Is a dam fashioned wholly by beavers "artificial" or is it "natural"? My dictionary is of no help in settling this nice problem, since it defines "artificial" as "made by art in imitation of, or as substitute for, what is natural or real.")

An even nicer point would be to elucidate exactly how much Walt Disney has contributed to the making of this exquisite work. The credits say no more than that he "presents" it. The direction is by James Algar, the script by L. E. Watkin and Ted Sears, the supervision by Ben Sharpsteen, the narration by Winston Hibler, the music by Paul Smith, and the photography (all-important and for the most part in preternatural close-up) by Alfred G. Milotte, assisted by Karl Maslowski and Muri Deusing. I am at pains to give all these names, because the work of each of these artists is beautifully complementary. The playing is even more startling and in the highest degree expressive. It is done by several beavers, an extremely hungry coyote, a wary bittern, several amazing frogs, a cricket more enchanting than anything in the "Alice" film, an adorable chipmunk, a bevy of jolly otters, some frightening owls, and a very terrible brown bear that catches leaping salmon over a waterfall and makes a meal of them.

The film's makers have given it continuity and shape by the simple process of showing us the cycle of a year, from spring to winter, in this lonely yet wildly populated place. The commentary is helpful and lively without being over-facitious. The music is gay and genuinely accompanies the action in a way



FROM PETTY THEFT TO MURDER: THE KIDNAPPING OF DONALD MILLER (CARL KENT) BY HOWARD (LEFT) AND JERRY SLOCUM (LLOYD BRIDGES)—A SCENE FROM "THE SOUND OF FURY."



MURDER LEADS TO LYNCHING: A SCENE FROM "THE SOUND OF FURY," SHOWING THE LOCAL TOWNSPEOPLE, INFLAMED BY SENSATIONAL ARTICLES IN THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER, DEMANDING THAT THE ARRESTED MEN BE HANDED OVER TO MOB VENGEANCE.

In the article on this page, Mr. Alan Dent reviews the film "Alice in Wonderland," which we illustrated in our issue of July 21, and a remarkable film "Beaver Valley," whose enchantment can not be captured in "still" photographs. The film we illustrate, "The Sound of Fury," a Robert Stillman Production for United Artists release, is being shown at the London Pavilion, and tells the story

of how a workless married man joins forces with a petty thief under whose influence he passes from robbing shop tills to participating in kidnapping and murder. Tortured by remorse he confesses, and is arrested with his confederate. Meanwhile the local newspaper inflames the townspeople to such an extent that they break into the gaol and lynch the two men.

understand any mortal man bewaring the Jubjub bird and shunning the frumious Bandersnatch. But why should Disney, with vorpal pen in hand, beware the Jabberwock, when Tenniel has given him the ground-work of a whole-page drawing of that burbling and whiffling monster? He allots the verses to the Cheshire Cat who sings them with most unctuous appreciation (and, incidentally, provides the only memorable tune in the whole elaborate musical score of the film). It may be that Disney took the "beware" literally, and therefore contented himself—very happily, it must be allowed—with giving us his own idea of "borogroves" looking "mimsy," and of "mome raths" in the process of "outgrabing." Disney's "mome raths" might be compared—in so far as they can be compared to anything—with slices of cucumber which have the faculty of re-uniting themselves into solid cucumber, with the not unimportant

wayside after leaving the hookah-smoking Caterpillar; this has upon it the single word UP. That is sheer Carroll.

But far too much of the rest is sheer din, not to say sheer vulgarity. Not one of the many songs has anything like the genuinely touching quality of the best ditties in "Snow-White" or "Dumbo," or even the sugary charm of the second-best. And it is only here and there—say, once in every five minutes—that we have the fleeting feeling that we really have been transported to the Lewis Carroll world, that gentle world of madcap poetry where everything in existence must be taken literally. Nearly all of this film version's virtues are negative virtues; and its excesses are the excesses of an artist who cannot let things be, or let well alone. Disney feels the urge to animate absolutely everything, so that the very teapots and water-jugs on the table at the Mad-Hatter's Tea Party have a jumpy-bumpy

that is both ingenious and witty. And the impression that we are privileged to be watching a wild community in its workaday and workanight business of finding food and mating and ensuring safety from marauders—a community totally unaware that it is being observed—is complete and quite amazing. Assurance is given at the beginning of this film, "Beaver Valley," that everything we see is authentic, unaltered and unrehearsed. All I can add is that I am agog to see it all over again (having already seen it twice in three days); that I now very much want to come across its predecessor in the same series, "Seal Island," which I missed; and that I keenly hope the series will be continued. It is but fair to add that the children around me, who had come to see "Alice in Wonderland," were very much in the same mind with me about "Beaver Valley."

EXCAVATING THE LAST CITY OF SYBARIS: A 4TH-CENTURY B.C. THEATRE FOUND.



IN A COUNTRYSIDE OF THEOCRITIC BEAUTY: DIGGING TRIAL TRENCHES TO UNCOVER THE REMAINS OF THE THEATRE OF THE NEWLY-IDENTIFIED "FOURTH" SYBARIS.



THE GREEK THEATRE OF THE LAST CITY OF SYBARIS: PART OF THE SEATING ARC UNCOVERED DURING THE BRIEF EXCAVATIONS MADE DURING 1950.

IN our issue of September 2 last year we published a brief article, illustrated with photographs, by Professor Giulio Jacopi, Superintendent of the Antiquities of Calabria, describing his successful identification of a site at Castiglione, not far from the River Trionto and the town of Paludi. Here he had discovered an acropolis, partly walled, a grotto, traces of a Doric temple and numerous sherds of pottery of the correct date; and he stated his case for identifying this site with the fourth and last city of Sybaris, long proverbial for its luxury and love of pleasure, which was destroyed by the Bruttii about the middle of the fourth century B.C. During the summer of 1950 Professor Jacopi carried out the first excavations of the site; and has sent us the photographs reproduced on this page, together with some remarks on his discoveries—of which the following is a digest. The excavations were brief and limited, partly owing to lack of money and partly owing to the lateness of the season and the need to avoid interrupting the cultivation of the site, which is private property. However, at an early date a fragmentary inscription of the fourth century B.C. in the most beautiful Greek characters was found, containing a list of names in which was mentioned (for the first time in Magna Græcia) the name "Sybarite," clearly chiselled in the rock. It was also possible to establish by

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clearing and excavation the perimeter walls on either side of the principal entrance, for about 420 yards; and traces of the walls, which existed only where the site was not sufficiently precipitous by nature, have been plotted for another 220 yards. Near the principal entrance were discovered the remains of a round tower, which appears to have been designed so that those entering should expose their right side—i.e., that not protected by the shield. The area of the citadel height, on which the city was built, is about 1094 yards by 437 yards. Tests were made on the upper level and revealed nearly everywhere the presence of buildings and fragments of Doric columns. The chief success was the discovery of a theatre, scooped out of the natural slope of a hill, with magnificent views and perfect acoustics. Exploratory trenches revealed a series of stepped levels of which the upper (and outer) arc measures about 109 yards, while the section meant for the spectators is about 44 yards; and the theatre, as a whole, would seem to have been about three-quarters the size of that of Syracuse (if we exclude the upper promenade). The stepping is fairly well preserved, but has been disturbed by either subsidence or earthquake. There appears to have been no raised stage, the dramatic action taking place at the orchestra level. Excavation of a necropolis zone has revealed a number of tombs and a set of large bronze buckles of ellipsoidal shape.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GREEK THEATRE OF SYBARIS: THE STONE ARC IS OF THE UPPER STEPPING, THE ORCHESTRA LEVEL LYING DOWN HILL TO THE LEFT. THE NOBLE SETTING IS CLEARLY SHOWN.

Photographs by the Department of Antiquities, Calabria.



THE WALLS OF THE FOURTH CITY OF SYBARIS (FOURTH CENTURY B.C.), PARTIALLY REVEALED AFTER CLEARING OF THE SCRUB AND SOME EXCAVATION.



REMAINS OF A ROUND TOWER, REVEALED IN THE WALLS OF THE ACROPOLIS OF SYBARIS: IT IS THOUGHT TO HAVE COMMANDED THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE.



THE DIET OF THE BAT: FRUIT, FLESH, FISH AND NECTAR-EATING SPECIES AND THE GRUESOME MEAL OF

Bats are typically insectivorous, and although the fruit-eating bats, or flying-foxes, as they are often called, are well known, we tend to think of bats in general as feeding on insects exclusively. By and large, this is true, but, as our pictures show, there are well-known departures from this. Across the centre of the drawing are seen three positions taken by an insectivorous bat, in this case the Noctule, one of our native species, in pursuing its prey. As the bat approaches the cockchafer, the tail and hind-legs are brought forward so that the membrane connecting them forms a net to catch the insect. In the third position, while

still in flight, the Noctule has its head in the cavity formed by the tail membrane and is cutting away the indigestible parts of the cockchafer, its wing-cases and legs. Among fruit-eating bats, perhaps the most extraordinary is the hammer-headed bat, with its extremely mobile lips for holding the fruit in a kind of "bob-apple" game as it hangs by its toes. Another group of vegetarian bats are the nectar-eating bats, with long, extensible tongues armed with a sort of brush for sweeping up the nectar from night-flowering blossoms. These bats assist in pollinating the flowers they visit. Other bats are known to catch fish.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News"



THE TRUE VAMPIRE, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS (INSET) OF THEIR SPECIAL ADAPTATIONS FOR OBTAINING FOOD.

Their claws are long, to gaff the fish swimming at or just below the surface. Yet others feed on small birds or other bats. Even so, fish-eating and bird-or-bat-eating bats also take a fair proportion of insects, and will at times feed exclusively on them. No account of the feeding habits of bats can ignore the vampire. The legend of the vampire antedates any precise knowledge of the diet of bats, and the term vampire was applied indiscriminately to a variety of evil forms, such as werewolves and the like, and the close association of the name with bats dates from the story of "Dracula." It is, however, perpetuated by

BY NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. M. BURTON.

the zoologist, who speaks of false vampires and true vampires. The false vampires are large bats, of India and elsewhere, that feed on frogs, birds and any other small vertebrates they can overcome. But they are not blood-sucking. Nor, for that matter, are the true vampires, which are, incidentally, quite small animals. They have very sharp incisor teeth, and the canines are set well back and away from them. With a snap of the jaws, the bat can cut away a piece of skin about a quarter of an inch long from the back of, say, a goat. As the blood oozes from the wound the bat licks it up. The operation appears to be painless.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

TO-DAY it is the philosophic mode to cry out for a definition at every turn, and prove that the most harmless necessary statements are, in fact, meaningless. And that is very daunting and impressive. But it does hold things up, and in the normal course it may be just as well to skip the definitions until someone doesn't know what is being talked about. The question: "When is a novel not a novel?" certainly depends on what you mean by novel; but as we all mean roughly the same thing, and it is a rough question anyhow, I shall go on at once to say that there is no fixed answer. It is a matter of degree, with many borderline cases; and this is something of a borderline week.

"The Pavement and the Sky," by Tom Clarkson (Wingate; 10s. 6d.), departs most widely from the norm, and can be called a novel only in so far as it is nothing else. What we are offered is a series of minute, poetical, descriptive sketches of a poor part of London, with certain individual figures and gleams of destiny and drama thrown in. The coffee-stall, the park, the fair-ground, the improved "doss-house," the pub, the street-market, the Food Office, the dance-hall and the zoo—all these, and many other scenes, Mass and confessional as well, are introduced and fondly, factually described, at different hours and seasons of the yearly cycle. Some critic, Chesterton, I think, once wrote that Richard Jefferies had an easy task in his minute and categorical accounts of field and hedgerow; if he had been walking down a mean street, applying his method to the butcher's and the old-clothes shop, it would have been another thing entirely. Perhaps I can most nearly indicate the character of this book by saying that here it has been done. These little pictures do suggest a Jefferies of the mean streets—and also, now and then, a schoolboy's essay. But that, too, has a charm; it is an aspect of the author's freshness and naïve goodwill.

He deals abundantly in squalor and corruption, taking both in his stride, but they are always disinfected by the flavour of human kindness. And at each glimmering of beauty—delicate and formal beauty—he is off in pursuit, like a collector after a rare butterfly. Perhaps his individual figures—prostitutes, corner boys and old folk—are a trifle banal, though in such brief appearances not much is required. But still it is the street artist, the Jefferies of the city, who attracts and grows on one.

"The Lovers," by Robert Payne (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), comes nearest to the "ordinary novel," indeed very close. Its chief divergence is the lack of movement. This may be partly due to the fact that it is not self-contained, but one link in a novel-sequence; only in part, however, for "instalments" need not work out like that. Almost right through, this static quality persists and the ideas and setting are the whole subject.

And to make up for its eventlessness, the setting is of great beauty, while the ideas are curious, intense and subtle. We are in 1912, and the three children of the Viceroy are just grown up. And all are growing away from the tradition of their cultured and noble family. The Viceroy is a high-minded man, a generous, enlightened father—but an official of the Empire, clinging to old ways. Whereas his children are in quest of a new world. Rose feels its magnetism in the balls of the Legation Quarter, and the courtship of Amadeo. Shaofeng, who was a revolutionary once, has had a change of heart and given himself up to science as the true adventure. But Lifeng, the consumptive dreamer, puts his faith in violence. Love is the goal; love is the heavenly kingdom, but it must be taken by force. And this, he fervently believes, will be a moment's work. All that is needed is to crush the Manchus and enthrone the peasant; or it might even be enough to murder the child-Emperor. . . . Lifeng is secretly in correspondence with Sun Yat-sen.

And so the last act is revolt in Hankow. But all the rest is talk, analysis and dream, backed by the snowy courtyards and the still waters, the heron-pool, the Summer Palace and the Temple of Heaven. This exquisite surrounding beauty is repeated in the chief characters. They may be dangerous; even their strongest personal attachments are razor-edged. Lifeng, the lover-militant, is very dangerous, and the young noble from Japan, his foil and comrade, is a potential scourge. But they are danger in the most exalted form, and of the rarest spiritual temper. And the contrasts are fascinating.

"The Daughter of Time," by Josephine Tey (Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.), is less a novel than a new and brilliant kind of *divertissement*. A pastime in the first place for Inspector Grant, confined to hospital and bored to extinction. A friend suggests that in default of red-hot crime he might exert his wits on some historical conundrum, and to that end supplies him with a sheaf of portraits. And his attention is transfixed—I hope it is not wrong to tell you—by Richard III. You may not know that there is any problem about Richard III., or, on the other hand, you may; perhaps the virgin ignorance of Grant and all his helpers is a shade overdone. At any rate, he starts to get up the facts, first borrowing a simple history or two, then sending out for more, and finally enlisting a young American, who is researching anyhow at the B.M. on a much duller subject. Between them, in a mounting ecstasy of glee and indignation, they extract a new picture.

This theme is most ingeniously spun out and broken up into a whole, though not a long story, and the effect is light as air. Miss Tey has become "Gordon Daviot" again. But Grant's adoring view of his pet character is not entirely masculine, nor (I suspect) policemanlike.

"Aunt Miranda's Murder," by John Newton Chance (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), is a whodunit with a sprightly difference. Miranda Jeans, in former days a lurid and outrageous best-selling novelist, now eighty-odd, but still outrageous, casually observes over her knitting that she will have to kill Peter Crewe—or else that blackmailing young blackguard may do endless harm. These words excite great agitation in the bosoms of her niece, her housekeeper, her niece's fiancé, and her friends. They all believe her capable of doing it, and they can't talk her out of it. And since the tale gets round, it is extremely awkward when the murder takes place. Miranda shuts up like a clam and though her friends are all prepared to shield her, no one knows what to think. A chatty, confidential, light-hearted story, with a distinctive flavour and a good dénouement.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE POET IN THE THEATRE.

PRESSURE of work and the absurd times at which post-war theatres have their last performances have made a very infrequent playgoer out of me, I owe, therefore, a debt of gratitude to the friends who insisted that I should go with them to Christopher Fry's "The Lady's Not for Burning." I went with reluctance. I develop the strongest sales resistance to things, books and people which are praised at me. I came away delighted, amazed and feeling (and I hope not entirely looking) like stout Cortez. For here was a phenomenon, a poet-playwright who used words as Shakespeare used them, to whom, as with Shakespeare, were open "all the realms of nature, all the mines of fancy," who possessed a gigantic treasure-chest of words into which he plunged his arms up to the elbows and let the lovely, glittering, glowing things trickle through his fingers like the jewels they were. From that time I became a Fry fan, and found that, with the possible exception of the not altogether happy (though sufficiently amusing) alliance with Anouilh in "Ring Round the Moon," my fanaticism was justified. Now, for further justification, I have been reading "Christopher Fry: An Appreciation," by Derek Stanford (Nevill; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Stanford is evidently a personal friend of the poet's whom he first saw from behind a porridge "dixie" in 1940. "You couldn't possibly miss him," they said (for Mr. Stanford was talent-spotting for the company magazine), "a short, dark man, as brown as a nut." Poet's friends are not always the most reliable interpreters of their heroes. Nevertheless, and setting aside the inevitable and eager enthusiasm of the friend, Mr. Stanford has contrived to produce the first good analysis of what makes Christopher Fry "tick" which I have read. He traces the various threads in the tapestry. These are the Quaker stock, the Bristol background, the Bedford Modern schooling, the period of tutoring and schoolmastering, the Shakespearean actor-cum-odd-job man around the repertory theatre phase, and the period in the Army when, unlike the average high-brow, he quietly merged himself in communal pursuits, only standing out from the herd in the running of camp concerts and by his skill as a tap-dancer. If, however, Fry's origins are Quaker, the pattern of his thoughts is cast from an Anglican mould. This is, however, a cultivated Oxfordshire Anglicanism, just as his view of the ideal England is a mediaeval one, of an England "unsoured by Oliver Cromwell." (Mem. to Mr. Stanford: Chesterton's view of "Merrie England" was not Elizabethan.) He is, in Mr. Stanford's view, one of Kierkegaard's "Knights of Faith." He is not separately poet and playwright. He is at all times poet-playwright in one. In Fry there is a lot of T. S. Eliot; there is Noël Coward without tinsel; there is a distinct touch of Rabelais (how that great man would have approved of Mr. Fry's characters when he sets them a-swearing!); there is, I venture to say, a great deal of Shakespeare. Above all, there is that easy, unmannered, magnificent use of the English tongue. I wish I had space to quote. Mr. Stanford proves his points by doing so at length. So get this book, and then get the plays—or do both at the same time.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

QUEER things happened at the International Chess Federation's conference near Zürich in 1946. My only specific instructions, as Britain's delegate, were: "Do all you can to get Russia [which had never been a member] to join."

It quickly became apparent that to get Russia in, Spain must go out. The discussion shaped towards Spain's expulsion, and at this scurvy treatment of a nation which had been a founder member, had paid its dues regularly, contributed valuably to discussions and organisation and, in fact, behaved impeccably throughout, my gorge rose. Risking criticism at home, I supported Spain's retention. One other delegate only, Italy's, supported me. If I remember aright, Holland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia opposed us; all the other nations abstained, and Spain's expulsion was decreed by a majority of one. The Spanish delegate, after a touching protest, walked out.

The U.S.S.R. promptly joined the Federation, and has played a leading part in its affairs ever since. Employing much tact, the president secured the re-admission of Spain at The Hague the year after, my contribution to the discussion being brief but pungent.

It could be argued that the end justified the means; the U.S.S.R., Spain and Yugoslavia have sat down at the same table year after year since, and useful decisions have been reached in adequate, if rarely striking, harmony.

Meanwhile, making my first visit to Spain, I was taken aback at the warmth of my welcome. The decision I had made in the course of a few minutes, on purely abstract grounds of fair-play, had won me national popularity. Visiting Gijón again now, five years after, to play in its eighth annual international tournament, I find these events still being recalled, in conversations and in the Press, in most grateful terms.

So don't come to me for a quite unbiased judgment on Spain and its people. I love them. It is better for ladies to be absent when I am asked why Attlee rushes to recognise Communist China but persists in snubbing and slighting Spain.

But to chess! Ex-world champion Euwe, his compatriot Prins, Rossolimo from Paris and Pilnik from Buenos Aires head an unusually strong foreign contingent at Gijón. Some of the home players are a whole class weaker. The temptation is great for the masters to draw peaceably amongst themselves, concentrating on winning against the weaker; that is why I found the following game highly refreshing.

N. Rossolimo, White; M. Euwe, Black.

1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3. B-B4, B-B4; 4. P-B3, Q-K2; 5. P-Q4, B-Kt3; 6. Castles, P-Q3; 7. P-KR3, Kt-B3; 8. R-Kr, Castles; 9. Kt-R3, K-R1; 10. Kt-B2, Kt-Qr; 11. P-QKt3, B-K3; 12. B-Q3, Kt-Kt1; 13. Kt-K3, P-KB3; 14. Kt-Q5, Q-B2; 15. P-B4?, B×QP; 16. Kt×B, P×Kt; 17. B-B2, P-B3; 18. Kt-B4, P-QB4; 19. Q-Q3, P-KKt4; 20. Kt-Q5, Kt-B3; 21. Q-Kt3, Kt-K4; 22. P-KR4, P×P; 23. Q×P, Q-Kt3; 24. K-R1, B×Kt; 25. BP×B, B×K2; 26. P-B4, R-KKt1; 27. Q-R3, Kt-Kt5; 28. K-Kt1, Kt×P!; 29. B-Q3*, Kt(Q4)-K6; 30. B-Q2, Kt-B7!; 31. K×Kt, Q×KtPch; 32. Q×Q, R×Qch; 33. K-B3, QR-KKt1; 34. P-K5, R(Kt1)-Kt6ch; White resigns.

* If 29. P-B5, Q-Kr1!

Miss Chute's book is filled with phrases such as "when a boy had completed the curriculum of a grammar school in Stratford, he would [my italics] have his head well stocked with the principles of Latin grammar. . . ." "He had probably been taught to keep a commonplace book. . . ." "as far as all the available evidence goes he was never in prison. . . ." None of this, however, detracts from the fact that Miss Chute has written a charming picture of the England of Elizabeth in which Shakespeare lived and moved, and did his writing and acting.

While on the subject of the theatre, I must recommend Mr. Charles Graves' "The Cochran Story" (Allen; 17s. 6d.). It is perhaps a little early for a complete assessment of the great showman, undoubtedly the greatest of our time, but Mr. Graves has turned his eager and easy pen to the task with smoothly journalistic success.

Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth has been such a gallant protagonist of the idea of a National Theatre that his book on the long struggle for its establishment, "The Making of a National Theatre" (Faber; 25s.), will be of interest not only to the ardent members of the British Drama League, but to the general theatre-goer. Some of the battles (and not a few of the protagonists) belong now to past history, but it is a history of much devotion to an excellent cause. Mr. Whitworth writes with enthusiasm and wit. Not the least interesting part of the book is the verbatim account of the great debate on the National Theatre Bill. This is the sort of non-political subject on which the House of Commons shows itself at its best, and Mr. Whitworth has done well to include it.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

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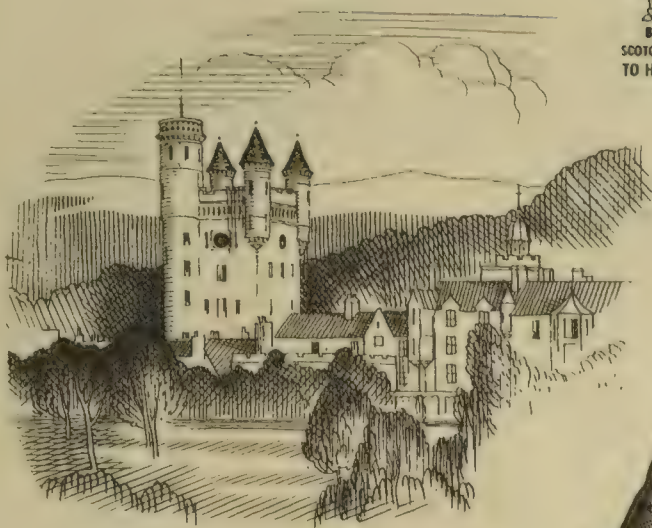
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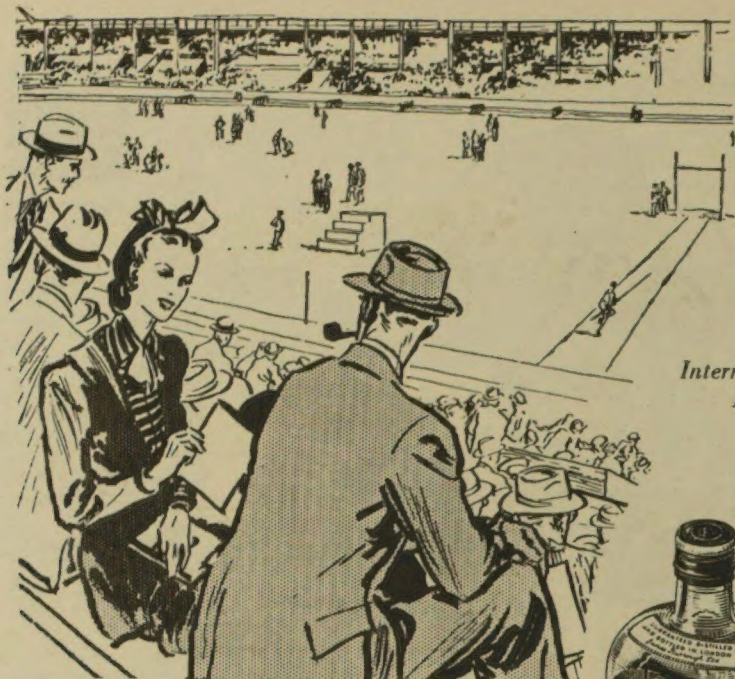
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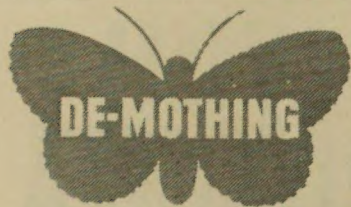


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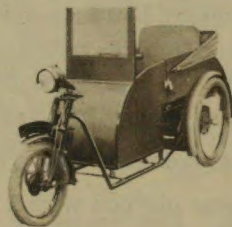
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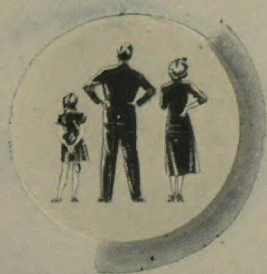
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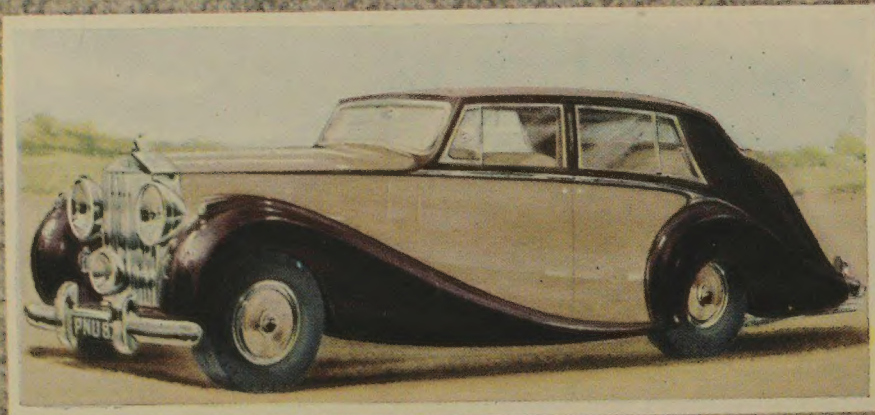
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